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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1778, and is now in its one hundred and forty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with the exception of a dozen exceptions, is the oldest printed paper in the country. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well-selected intelligence and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Price, \$2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Special copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALIBONE LODGE NO. 93, N. E. O. P., John Allen, Warden; James H. Gardner, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James McLeish, President; Alex. McLeish, Secretary; meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays in each month.

REYNOLD LODGE, No. II, K. of P., Albert C. Chadbourn, Chancellor Commander; Daniel P. Ball, Keeper of Records and Seal; meets every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. H. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain ——; Charles H. Ellis, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

William Ellery Chapter.

The annual meeting of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was held last Tuesday evening, when reports were received, officers elected and other business transacted. There was a large attendance considering the fact that it was a disagreeable evening. It was decided to hold the birthday supper at the residence of Mrs. John Stewart on October 17. The following officers were elected for the year ensuing:

Regent—Miss Susan P. Swinburne.

Vice-Regent—Mrs. Henrietta Tilton.

Secretary—Miss Susan W. Swinburne.

Assistant Secretary—Mrs. Minnie C. Barker.

Treasurer—Mrs. Cynthia A. Stevens.

Historian—Mrs. Isabella H. Sanborn.

Historian—Miss Edith M. Tilton.

Executive Board—Mrs. Kate L. Burleigh, Miss Julia E. Pitman, Mrs. Minnie C. Barker, Mrs. Mary S. Robinson, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Swinburne, Miss E. Peckham.

Entertainment Committee—Mrs. Abby A. Tilton, Mrs. Katherina M. Stevens, Miss Bertha Peckham, Mrs. Sarah P. Lander, Mrs. Sarah D. Sayer.

Programme Committee—Mrs. Clara A. Plummer, Miss Elizabeth H. Swinburne, Mrs. Marie B. Howard, Mrs. Floria A. Chase, Miss Judith S. Easton.

Advisory Committee—Mrs. Mary E. Sherman, Mrs. Isabella H. Sanborn.

Nominating Committee—Mrs. Adeline K. Biggs, Mrs. Sarah D. Sayer, Mrs. Katherine M. Stevens.

Republican Flag Raising.

Thursday evening the Republicans threw a handsome campaign banner to the breeze. The banner flies from the Horgan-Newton building across Thames street. It is a handsome affair of net and bears pictures of McKinley and Roosevelt, as well as the names of the Republican candidates for the highest offices.

Thames street was crowded during the evening in anticipation of the event. The sidewalks were lined with people desirous of seeing the ceremony. Shortly before nine o'clock the Newport Military Band struck up patriotic air, and at nine o'clock the beautiful new banner was thrown to the breeze amid tumultuous cheers. There were no formal ceremonies connected with the event. The amount of enthusiasm on the street speaks well for the Republican party.

Word has been received in this city of the death in Oswego, N. Y., of Charles S. Higgins who was for more than 40 years a resident of this city. He was a member of St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M., Newport Chapter; No. 2, R. A. M., and Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T. He was a stone mason and made many friends here. His death occurred on September 19.

Rev. Emery H. Porter preached the annual sermon to the Newport Artillery Company last Sunday afternoon in the armory. The company turned out in full ranks and there was a large attendance of civilians. Mr. Porter was assisted by Rev. Richard Arnold Greene.

Petitions have been carefully circulated about the city requesting the city council to adopt the McFadden voting machine for the coming election. The petitions are being signed by large numbers of the taxpayers.

Mr. William S. Brownell, in the employ of the Daily News, is enjoying his annual vacation.

Mr. William S. Bates is ill with typhoid fever at his home on Channing street.

The Typhoid Investigation.

A special meeting of the board of aldermen sitting as a board of health was held Monday afternoon. Mayor Boyle announced that he had called the meeting because of the representations made to him by certain physicians. It was stated that there were many cases of typhoid fever in the city and that the Newport Hospital had as many cases as it could handle, while there were many that required treatment in an institution. It was stated by some that the city water was responsible for the trouble and by others that a well on Bridge street, from which many residents in the Point district obtained their water supply, was the cause of the disease.

The members of the board then discussed the matter informally. The city water supply was arranged, but Alderman Hamilton did not believe the epidemic was due either to that cause or to the well under discussion.

He said samples of the city water are sent away regularly for analysis.

It was stated that since September 1 there had been 40 cases of typhoid fever, mostly confined to a single district. A resolution was adopted appointing a special committee to procure an emergency hospital and nurses for it, to investigate the charges of bad water and have the city water investigated by a regular chemist. Aldermen Hamilton and Shanteler were appointed to the commission.

At a special meeting of the medical board of the Newport Hospital on Tuesday afternoon the typhoid situation was discussed. The following resolution was drawn and a copy of it sent to the state board of health:

Resolved, That the medical board of the Newport Hospital, in view of the fact that there is no local medical board of health in this city, respectfully call the attention of the state board of health to the epidemic of typhoid fever existing here and ask them for such action as they may legally take to prevent the further spread of the disease.

Dr. Gardner T. Swarts of Providence, secretary of the state board of health, came down on Wednesday and looked over the ground with Dr. MacKaye and Alderman Hamilton. Dr. Swarts indicated the best methods of investigating the causes of the epidemic, starting with a rigid investigation of every case, the sanitary condition of the premises, and the sources of milk, water and food supplies.

There was one case of typhoid fever reported to the board of health on Thursday and none on Friday. Since October 1 there have been 33 cases reported and since September 5 there have been three deaths from this cause. All but a few of these are confined in one district, the few outside being widely distributed in different parts of the city. There is one case on Belgrave avenue, one on John street and one on Bachelor's court. All other cases may be said to be in the one district.

When Dr. Swarts was down he left directions as to how to carry out the work of investigation and inspection, but the work that he outlined had been done before he came, and in some cases the sanitary officers had gone even farther than his directions required. While here Dr. Swarts called at the sanitary inspector's office but saw neither Inspector Oman nor Assistant Inspector Shaw.

There would seem to be no cause for serious apprehension on the part of the general residents of Newport. The singular isolation of the majority of the cases shows pretty conclusively that whatever the cause of the disease may be, the city water cannot be held responsible for it. It is admitted that the Point district is in an unsanitary condition and danger of a typhoid epidemic in this region has been several times predicted by medical and sanitary authorities. The medical practitioners, board of aldermen and sanitary inspectors are all doing their utmost to rid the city of the danger and it is hoped that the worst is over.

The Rogers High School foot ball team lost its first game of the season on Saturday last, being defeated by the Woonsocket High School, at Woonsocket, by a score of 6 to 0. Next Saturday Rogers will meet the Kingston Academy boys at Freshley Park. Headmaster Thompson has received a letter from a prominent educator in Woonsocket commanding the gentlemanly conduct of the Rogers High School boys.

On Wednesday evening next will occur the first street parade of the Republican battalion. This organization now has a large membership and the parade will probably be well worth seeing. The various companies will be clad in their rough riders uniform and will present a picturesque appearance. The colored companies are especially enthusiastic over their organization.

The premiums awarded at the fair of the Newport Agricultural Society will be paid Monday, October 15, at Oakland Hall, from 4 to 8 p.m.

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Mr. William S. Bates is ill with typhoid fever at his home on Channing street.

School Committee.

The regular monthly meeting of the school committee was held on Monday evening of this week, Dr. C. F. Barker presiding. Superintendent Lull presented his first formal report, which dealt chiefly with the crowded conditions of the schools and the need for further accommodations. The present enrollment represents an increase of 134 over the corresponding week of last year. There are 20 rooms below the grade of the Rogers High School that have an enrollment of 50 or more pupils. The report further stated that the Rogers High School building is crowded to its doors and is totally unfit for use as a modern high school. The superintendent commanded the work of the committee on buildings and spoke of the decorations supplied by philanthropic citizens. The report of the superintendent was adopted.

The report of Trustee Officer Topham was read, giving statistics as follows:

Number of cases investigated (reported by teachers), 258; number found to be truants, 49; number out for illness and other causes, 218; number found not attending school, 45; number sent to public schools, 29; number sent to Catholic schools, 16. During the past month two boys have been committed to the Sockanoset School for two years, for habitual truancy; recommended that John Roach, Clarence Wilbour, Michael Harrington and David Dugan who are habitual truants, be prosecuted according to law.

Mr. Perry recommended that the salary of Miss Marian Stanhope of the high school be increased from \$350 to \$360; referred to committee on teachers.

The committee on evening schools presented a report as follows:

Resolved, That Monday, November 12, 1900, an evening school for men and women shall be opened in the Clarke Street schoolhouse, to continue on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week for a term of 20 weeks (said term to be divided into two fests of 10 weeks each), unless the attendance shall so fall off as to justify, in the opinion of the committee on evening school, an earlier closing of said school; that the following teachers be employed in the evening schools, in the order given as follows, provided they have secured a state certificate to teach in public schools: Caroline M. Vose, Jeannette H. Swasey, Mary L. Brinyon, Mary A. E. Adams, Clara B. Ward, Lillian J. Trager, Bessie M. Brown, Sara E. Bryant, Mary A. Harrington, Sigine Hallborg, Katharine Driscoll, Marfan L. Sison; that one teacher be employed for every 14 pupils, and that the pay be \$5 per week, with the exception of Miss Vose and Miss Swasey—Miss Vose to receive \$7 per week and Miss Swasey \$8 per week.

Resolved, That Tuesday, November 13, 1900, the evening drawing school for mechanized drawing and double entry bookkeeping be opened; that the sessions be similar to those of last year; that they be held in the Townsend Industrial School building; that Mr. William S. Brownell be elected teacher of bookkeeping, and that he be paid \$3 per night, as his services may be required; and that Mr. D. E. Campbell be elected teacher of mechanized drawing, at \$3 per evening. The report was adopted.

The matter of imposing a fine on pupils for non-attendance was brought up and referred to the committee on evening schools. The matter of plans for the addition to the Townsend Industrial school was referred to the committee on industrial school to report at the next meeting. The report from the school committee of Galveston, asking for assistance in restoring the school buildings was acted upon by allowing the school children to contribute.

The early afternoon sessions of the schools will begin on November 12.

Birthday Party.

A birthday party, in the form of a surprise, was tendered Mrs. Otis D. Sleeper, on Monday evening last, at her residence on Poplar street, by the Home Circle Club. While Mrs. Sleeper had gone out for a few moments the guests arrived and on her return she found her home brilliantly lighted and overflowing with friends. It was some few minutes before she could say a word of welcome. The club was pleasantly entertained by a phonograph for some time, then music and games, followed by an oyster stew supper, which was prepared by Mrs. Rowland S. Langley, and it is quite likely that Mrs. Langley will be called upon again to serve the club with as good a feast as that of Monday evening.

It was a late hour when the party broke up, having spent a very pleasant evening. Mrs. Sleeper was the recipient of some very pretty and useful gifts.

Miss George Douglass, who has been visiting friends in this city, has returned to her home in Providence.

Miss Lillian White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas White, is ill at her residence on Crossstreet.

Miss Kate L. Clark has returned to her duties as instructor in English at the Rogers High school.

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Supreme Court.

The appellate division of the supreme court resumed its sessions for Newport County Monday morning. Judge Douglas presiding. The divorce docket was called and the following cases were ordered stricken therefrom: Edgar W. Burdick vs. Eliza J. Burdick, Mary Hafey vs. Thomas Hafey, and Edith Bronley vs. John T. Bromley. The following cases were dismissed: Amelia Payne vs. George A. Payne, Dorothy Prindle Norman vs. Hugh K. Norman and Herbert C. Almy vs. Frances C. Almy. A number of divorce cases were continued.

The two cases, Herman E. Peckham vs. Robert J. Grinnell and Herman E. Peckham vs. Clinton G. Smith, in both of which the right of trial by jury was waived, were heard together. These were both cases of trespass for removing seaweed from the plaintiff's beach at Sachuest. The farm is the property of Baileys Hazard and is hired by plaintiff. Witnesses were called to testify to defendants removing seaweed from the beach, although in the case of Grinnell, he in person had not been seen to trespass. It developed that his team had carried seaweed from the beach by order of his son. The court considered the facts in the case well settled, but counsel was allowed until November 1 to file briefs.

The divorce case of Ada F. Gassett vs. William G. Gassett was heard on depositions and decree was granted. The petitioner resides at Block Island. The case of Margaret Duggan vs. Robert Duggan was heard on depositions. An allowance of \$30 a month was ordered for petitioner in the case of Nellie Duley vs. John R. Daley. A decree was granted in Alice C. Reynolds vs. John E. G. Reynolds, the charges being non-support and desertion. Ethel Rogers was granted a divorce from Newton T. Rogers with custody of minor child to petitioner; charges desertion, non-support and drunkenness.

The court adjourned to meet according to law.

Republican Convention.

The Republican state convention was held in Infantry hall, Providence, on Thursday. A platform was adopted endorsing the Republican administration, affirming the gold standard and upholding American sovereignty in the Philippines. The two members of Congress from this state are commanded and full party support of the \$700,000 bond proposition is called for. Members of the electoral college were nominated as follows: Frank E. Olney of Providence, Alexander G. Crumb of Westerly, Robert B. Treat of Warwick and George H. Norman of Newport.

The district conventions for the first and second congressional districts were held at the close of the state convention. Congressman Melville Bull was placed in nomination for member of congress from the first district and the nomination was made by acclaim. He made a speech of acceptance in which he reviewed his work in congress during his service. In the second district convention Hon. Adin B. Capron was the unanimous choice of the convention to succeed himself.

The delegates to the state and district conventions for Newport county were as follows:

Newport—David Brainerd, Samuel H. Oxx, F. A. Cornell, Clarence A. Hammett, C. F. D. Fayerweather, Harwood E. Read, Horace N. Hassard, Herbert Bliss, Benjamin F. Brown, John H. Wetherell, M. A. Van Horne, William F. Robinson, James McLeish, Robert Laurie, William W. Marvel, Andrew K. McMahon, William G. Launders, John W. Gibson.

Middletown—Edward A. Brown, Clark H. Cogdon, Joel Peckham, Henry L. Chase, Charles H. Sison, John T. Carr.

Portsmouth—Elbridge J. Stoddard, Henry C. Anthony, George E. Sison, Reston Manchester, Owen Reiley, Thomas J. Sweet.

Tiverton—John R. Hicks, Henry C. Osborne, George R. Lawton, James Anthony, James R. Chase, John Carpenter.

Little Compton—Daniel Wilbur, George T. Howard, Abram H. Manchester, Albert T. Seabury, Abel B. Simonds, Clarence A. Worrell.

Jamesport—Thomas G. Carr, Elijah Anthony, Abbott Chandler, William F. Caswell, Charles E. Weekes, Albert Caswell.

New Shoreham—Herbert S. Milliken, Cassius C. Ball, John R. Payne, Mary A. Ball, Joseph H. Willis, Ralph E. Dodge.

The public will undoubtedly be surprised on the day when the deeds of the new city hall are thrown open and they have an opportunity to see just what they are to receive in return for their money. The building, while not elaborate, is well adapted to the purpose for which it is intended. The work of installing the furniture is going on rapidly, while a force of men is at work grading the grounds. Another month will undoubtedly see the building about ready for occupancy.

Miss George Douglass, who has been visiting friends in this city, has returned to her home in Providence.

Miss Lillian White, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas White, is ill at her residence on Crossstreet.

Miss Kate L. Clark has returned to her duties as instructor in English at the Rogers High school.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dodge, of this city, has gone to visit friends in Boston and Holliston, Mass.

Wedding Bells.

Burdick-Davis.

A very quiet but exceedingly pretty wedding took place at the Zabriske Memorial Church of St. John the Evangelist on Tuesday afternoon last, the contracting parties being Miss



Something unusual was going on at division headquarters and the men in the newest regimental camps, regular and volunteer, were "lined up" along the sentry posts and silently, eagerly watching and waiting. For a week rumor had been ripe that orders for a move were coming, and the brigades hailed it with delight. For a month shivering at night in dripping, drenching fogs drifting in from the Pacific, or drilling for hours each day on the bleak slopes of the Presidio heights, they had been praying for something to break the monotony of the routine. They were envious of the comrades who had been shipped to Manila, envious of those who had stormed Santiago, and would have welcomed with unreasoning enthusiasm any mandate that bore promise of change of scene—or duty. The afternoon was raw and chilly; the wet wind blew salt and strong from the westward sea, and the men rolled in, thick and sleepy, huddled from view the familiar landmarks of the neighborhood and forcing a display of lamplights in the row of gaudy saloons across the street that bounded the camp ground toward the setting sun, though that invisible luminary was still an hour high and afternoon drill only just over.

Company after company in their campagna hats and flannel shirts, in worn blue trousers and brown canvas leggings, the men had come swinging in from the broad driveways of the beautiful park to the south and, as they passed the tents of the commanding general, even though they kept their heads erect and noses to the front, their wary eyes glanced quickly at the unusual array of saddled horses, of carriages and Concord wagons halted along the curbstone, and noted the number of officers grouped about the gate. Pouches and overcoat caps were much in evidence on every side as the men broke ranks, scattered to their tents to stow away their dripping arms and belts, and then came streaming out to stare, unshaken, at headquarters. It was still early in the war days, and, among the volunteers and, indeed, among regiments of the regulars whose ranks were sprinkled with college men who had rubbed shoulders but a few months earlier with certain subalterns, the military line of demarcation was a dead-letter when "the boys" were out of sight and hearing of their seniors, and so it happened that when a young officer came hurrying down the pathway that led from the tents of the general to those of the field officers of the Twelfth California, he was hailed by more than one group of regulars along whose lines he passed, and, as a rule, the query took the terse, soldierly form of "What's up, Billy?"

The Lieutenant nodded affably to several of his fellows of the football field, but his hand crept out from underneath the shrouding cape, palm down, signaling caution. "Orders—some kind," he answered in tones just loud enough to be heard by those nearest him. "Seen the old man anywhere? The general wants him," and, never halting for reply, the youngster hurried on.

He was a bright, cheery, brave-eyed lad of 20 who six months earlier was stumbling through the sciences at the great university on the heights beyond the glorious bay, never dreaming of deadlier battle than that in which his pet eleven grappled with the striped team of a rival college. All on a sudden, to the amaze of the elders of the great republic, the tenets and traditions of the past were thrown to the winds and the "Hermit Nation" leaped the seas and flew at the strongholds of the Spanish colonies. Volunteers sprang up by the hundred thousand and a reluctant congress accorded a meager addition to the regular army. Many a college athlete joined the ranks, while a limited few, gifted with relatives who had both push and "pull," were permitted to pass a not very exacting examination and join the permanent establishment as second lieutenants forthwith. Counting those commissioned in the regular artillery and infantry, there must have been a dozen in the thronging camps back of the great city, and of these dozen, Billy Gray—"Belligerent Billy," as a tutor dubbed him when the war and Billy broke out together, the latter to the extent of a four-days' absence from all collegiate duty—was easily the gem of the lot. One of the "brightest minds" in his class, he was one of the laziest; one of the quiekest, and most agile when aroused, he was one of the torpid as a rule. One of the kind who should have "gone in for honors," as the faculty said, he came nearer going out for devilment. The only son of a retired colonel of the army who had made California his home, Billy had spent years in camp and field and saddle and knew the west as he could never hope to know. His only natural soldier of his class when, sorely against the will of most, they entered the student battalion, he promptly won the highest chevrons that could be given in the sophomore year, and, almost as promptly, lost them for "lates" and absences. When the varsity was challenged by a neighboring institute to a competitive drill the "scouts" of the former reported that the crack company of the San Pedros had the snappiest captain they ever saw, and that, with far better material to choose from, and more of it, the varsity wouldn't stand a ghost of a show in the eyes of the professional judges unless Billy would "brace up" and "take hold." Billy was willing as barkis, but the faculty said it would put a premium on laxity to make Billy a varsity captain, even though the present incumbents were ready, any of them, to resign in his favor. "Peculiar" said no in uncertain terms; the challenge was declined, whereat the rival institute crowed justly and the thing got into the papers. As a result a select

company of student volunteers was formed; its members agreed to drill an hour daily in addition to the prescribed work, provided Billy would "take hold" in earnest, and this was the company that, under his command, swept the boards six weeks later and left San Pedro's contingent amazed and disgusted crowd. Then Billy went to metaphorical pieces again until the war clouds overspread the land; then like his father's son he girded up his loins, went in for a comission and won. And here he was a "sub" in Uncle Sam's starved infantry with three classmates serving under him in the ranks and half a dozen more, either as junior officers or enlisted men, in the camps of the volunteers. He was a handsome boy, a healthy, hearty boy, and, as boys go, rather a good boy—a boy in whom his mother would have found, had she not long since been lifted above the cares of this world, much of comfort and more to condone, but a boy, nevertheless, who had given his old dragoon of a dad many an anxious hour. Now, just as he neared the legal drilling line between youth and years of discretion, Billy Gray had joined the third battalion of his regiment, full of pluck, hope and health, full of ambition to make a name for himself in a profession he loved us, except his father, he certainly loved nothing else, and utterly scoffing the idea that there might come into his life a being for the sake of whose smile he could yield up his sword, for he had yet to meet Amy Lawrence.

"Who are the women folks up at headquarters, Billy?" asked a youth of his own years and rank, peering eagerly through the drifting mist at the dim, ghostly outlines of the general's camp. " Didn't get to see 'em. Where's the old man—the colonel?" was the reply. "Chief wants him toot de sweet!"

"What's wanted?" called a voice from the biggest of the neighboring tents, and a close-cropped head was thrust out between the front foot flaps. "That you, Billy? Who wants the colonel? He and the 'brig' rode over to the Presidio an hour ago—ain't got back. Come in; I've started a fire in our oil stove."



A puff of warm air blew from the interior and confirmed the statement. It was well along in summer, and not a dozen miles away to the east men were strolling about with palm-leaf fans and wilted collars. Here, close to the gray shores of the mighty sea, blankets and overcoats were in demand. Hospitably the older officers tugged at the laces of the military front door, swore between his set teeth when the knots, swollen by the wet, withstood his efforts, and then shouted:

"Sergeant major, send somebody here to open this."

A light footstep sounded on the springy board floor, nimble fingers worked a moment at the cords, then the flap was thrown open and the adjutant's office stood partially revealed. It was a big wall tent buckled up against another of the same size and pattern. Half a dozen plain chairs, two rough board tables littered with books, papers and smoking tobacco, an oil stove and a cheap clothes rack on which were hanging raincoats, ponchos and a cape or two, comprised all the furniture. In a stout frame of upplanned wood, and in their oilskins and tightly rolled, stood the national red state colors of the famous regiment; and back of them, well within the second tent, where one clerk was just lighting a camp lantern, were perched on rough tables a brace of field desks with the regimental books. The sergeant major, a veteran of years of service in the regulars, sat at one of them. A young soldier, he who had unfastened the tent flap to admit Lieutenant Gray, was just returning to his seat at the other. Two otherlies lounged on bench well beyond and back of the sergeant major's seat, and a bugler, with his hands in his pockets, was smoking a briar-root pipe at the opposite back doorway. Woe to the enlisted men who sought the presence of the colonel or adjutant through any other channel. The sergeant major would drop on him with the force of a baseball bat.

"Who all are over yonder at the chief?" asked the adjutant, as soon as he had his visitors well inside, and the soft accent as well as the quaint phraseology told that in the colonel's confidential staff officer a southerner spoke.

"All the brigade and most regimental commanders' except ours, I should say; and they seem to be waiting for them. Can't we send?" was the answer, as the junior whistled off his campaign hat and sprinkled the floor with the vigorous shakes he gave the battered felt.

"Have seat," said his entertainer, briefly, as he filled a pipe from the open tobacco box and struck a safety match. "Orderly galloped after him ten minutes ago. Blow the brigade and battalion commanders! What I asked you was who are the women up there?"

"No, you didn't! You said who all are up yonder? I'm a sub; and I've spiced you meant men—soldiers—officers. What have I to do with anybody in particular?"

"And I'm a grizzled vet of a dozen years' duty, crows' feet and gray hairs a-comin'," grinned the adjutant, pulling at a low-cut cigar and grinning.

IVORINE *Washing Powder*
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Cake of Williams' White Glycerine
Toilet Soap in Every Package. **10¢**

ing himself up to his full height of six feet, "and when you're as old as I am and half as wise, Billy, you'll know that a pretty girl is worth ten times the thought our old frumps of generals demand. My name ain't Gordon if I haven't a mind to waltz over there through the mist and the wind just to tell them I've sent for Squeers. Then I'll get look at the girls."

"I've got to go back," said Billy, "and you've no business to—with Mrs. Gordon and an interesting family to consider. What tent'd the ladies go to? I didn't see 'em."

"Mrs. Gordon, sub," said the adjutant, with placid superiority, "considers it a reflection on her sex when I fail to pay it due homage. Of course, you didn't see the ladies. The party was shown into the general's own domicile. Couldn't you see how many young fellows were posing in picturesque attitudes in front of it? Ave, Hark!" he suddenly shouted to an officer striding past the tent in dripping macintosh. "C'mon up to division headquarters? Just tell the staff or the chief I've sent an orderly galloping after Squeers. He's half way to the Presidio now, but it'll be an hour before they can get back." The silent officer nodded and went on, whereat Gordon made a spring for the entrance and halted again.

"Say, Hark! Who are the damsels?" The answer came back through the fog:

"People from the east—looking for a runaway. Old grint, pretty daughter, and pretty daughter's pretty cousin. Heard the orders?"

"Damn the orders! They don't touch us. Where do they come from?"

"Direct from Washington, they say. Three regiments to sail at once, and—" "Oh, I know all that!" shouted Gordon, impatiently. "It was all over camp an hour ago! Where do they—the girls—come from? What's their name?"

"Wasn't presented," was the sulky reply. "Let a lot of stuffy old women show up in search of long-lost sons and those fellows at headquarters unload them on us in less than no time, but a brace of pretty girls!" Why, they double the gate guards so no outsider can so much as see them. Billy, here, knows 'em. Ask him."

By this time the youngster had ranged up alongside the adjutant and was laughingly enjoying the latest arrival's tirade at the expense of the headquarters' staff, but at his closing words Lieutenant Billy's grin of amusement suddenly left his face, giving way to a look of blank amaze.

"I know 'em! I haven't been east of the Big Muddy since I was a kid."

"They asked for you, just the same, just after you started. Least one of 'em did—for what's-his-name?—the chief military legal adviser, came out bare-headed and called after you, but you were out of hearing. He said the cousin, the prettiest one, recognized you as you skipped away from the general's tent, and pointed you out to her friend. Somebody explained you were running an errand for one of those nids too lazy to go himself, and that you'd be back presently."

"Then go at once, young man," said the adjutant, laying mighty hand on the junior's square shoulder. "Stand not upon the order of your going, but git! Never you mind about the colonel. He won't be here until after he's been there, and he's in for a rasping over this morning's inspection. Just look at the report. Sergeant major send me Col. Colt's report!" he called aloud, tossing his head back as he spoke. "Come in, Parson, come out of the wet!" And, eager enough to read a famous inspector's criticisms of the appearance of the regiment, the officer addressed as Parson shewed briskly into the tent.

The young soldier who had opened the tent flap a few minutes before came forward with a folded paper which,

in silence, he handed the adjutant and turned back to his desk. Mr. Gordon took the paper, but his eyes followed the soldier. Then he called, somewhat sharply:

"Morton!"

The young fellow stopped at the dividing crack between the two tent floors and slowly faced the three officers.

The sergeant major, a veteran of years of service in the regulars, sat at one of them. A young soldier, he who had unfastened the tent flap to admit Lieutenant Gray, was just returning to his seat at the other. Two otherlies lounged on bench well beyond and back of the sergeant major's seat, and a bugler, with his hands in his pockets, was smoking a briar-root pipe at the opposite back doorway. Woe to the enlisted men who sought the presence of the colonel or adjutant through any other channel. The sergeant major would drop on him with the force of a baseball bat.

"You're sick again, Morton," said the adjutant, somewhat sternly. "I thought I told you to see Dr. Heslerman. Have you done so?"

"I—wasn't sick enough," faltered the young soldier. "I was all right a minute or two—or rather this morning, sir. It'll be over presently. Perhaps it was the smell of the oil that did it—the stove is close to my desk."

But Gordon continued to look at him doubtfully.

"Move your desk across the tent for the present, anyhow," said he, "and I'll speak to the doctor myself. With all this newspaper bullaboo about our neglect of the sick," continued he, turning to his friends, "if a man changes color at sight of a smash-up he must be turned over to the Red Cross at once. What is it, orderly?" he finished, suddenly, as the tent flaps parted and a soldier in complete uniform, girt with his belt of glistening cartridges, stood at salute, some visiting cards in his gloved hand.

"Lieut. Gray here, sir?" was the comprehensive answer. Then, catching sight of the young officer, who stepped quickly forward, he held forth the cards.

"The adjutant, general's compliments, sir, and he'd be glad if the lieutenant would come over at once."

"Say, you didn't! You said who all are up yonder? I'm a sub; and I've spiced you meant men—soldiers—officers. What have I to do with anybody in particular?"

"And I'm a grizzled vet of a dozen years' duty, crows' feet and gray hairs a-comin'," grinned the adjutant, pulling at a low-cut cigar and grinning.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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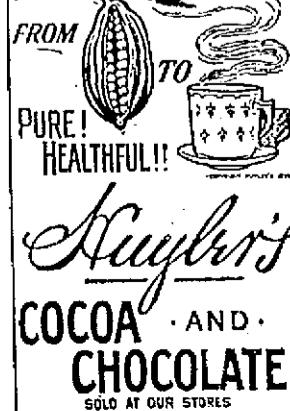
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Found in the Philippines.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

Find the guilty parties if a possible thing?"

And then the group dissolved. One or two of the number looked back, half hesitating, at the entrance of the tent, but the chief had turned again to the littered table before him, and, seating himself, rested his gray head in the hand nearest his visitors. It was as though he wished to conceal his face. One of the last to go—the thin-faced soldier with the twinkling blue eyes, hung irresolutely behind the chief a moment, as though he had it in his mind to speak, then turned and fairly stepped out, leaving the camp commander to the society of a single staff officer, and to the gathering darkness.

"Kindly say to Mr. Prince, or his friends, that I will join them in a moment," said the former, presently, without so much as uplifting head or eye, and the ad-de-camp left us noiselessly as his predecessor, the humorist. But when he was gone and "The Chief" sat alone, the sound of merriment and laughter still drifted in with the mist at the half-opened entrance. Shadowy forms slitted to and fro between the official tent and the lights beginning to twinkle at brigade headquarters across the wide roadway. An orderly scurried at the tent flap, but got no answer. The lone occupant sat well back in the gloomy interior and could barely be distinguished. The waiting soldier hesitated a moment, then entered and stamped once upon the wooden floor, then turned and noiselessly stepped out, for, anticipating his question, the general spoke:

"No light just yet, orderly. I'll call you—in a moment. Just close the tent."

At his hand, he needed no light to find it, lay a little packet that had been passed in to him with the mail while the council was still in session. It was stoutly wrapped, tightly corded, and profusely sealed, but with the sharp point of an eraser the general slit the fastenings, tore off the wrapper, and felt rather than saw that a bundle of letters, rolled in tissue paper and tied with ribbon, ribbon long since faded and wrinkled, lay within.

This he carefully placed in a large-sized military letter envelope, moistened and pressed tight the gummed flap, stowed it in the inner pocket of the overcoat that hung at the rear tent pole, reduced the wrapper and its superscription to minute fragments, and dropped them into the waste-basket, all as carefully and methodically as though life knew neither hurry nor worry; then bowed his lined face in both hands a moment in utter silence and in unmistakable sadness. Presently his lips moved: "Can you look down and see that I have kept my word, Agnes?" he murmured. "God help me to find him and save him—yet."

Once again the laughter, the gay young voices, rang from the other tent. All over camp, far and near, from the limits of the park to the very slope of the height at the north, the evening bugles were calling by thousands the thronging soldiers to mess or roll call. Slowly the general rose, drew on his overcoat, and in another moment, under the sloping visor of his forage cap, with eyes that twinkled behind their glasses, with a genial smile softening every feature, his fine soldierly face peered in on the scene of light, of merriment and laughter under the canvas roof of the only home he knew in the world—the soldier home of one whose life had been spent following the flag through many a march, battle and campaign all on the broad lands of the United States until now, at the hour when most men turned for the placid joys of the fireside, the love of devoted and faithful wife, the homely and affection of children, the practical and playful sports of children's children—homeless, wifeless, childless, he stood at the border of the boundless sea, soldier duty pointing the way to far distant, unknown and undescribed regions, content to follow that flag to the end of the world if need be, and owning no higher hope or ambition than to follow and uphold it to the end of his life.

"There was nothing in such a face as his to put a check to fun and merriment, yet, all on a sudden, the laughter died away. Three young gallants in soldier garb sprang to their feet and faced him with appeal and explanation in their speaking eyes, although only one of their number found his tongue in time to put the matter into words. There were only two girls when the general left that tent to meet his officers at four o'clock and now there were four, and the four were having five o'clock tea.

At least anyone would have said they were four blithe girls, innocent of grave responsibilities than social calls and dinner or dance engagements, for never looked four young women so free from the cares of this world than those who were picturesquely grouped about the general's camp table and under the brilliant reflector of the general's lamp; but the plain gold circle on the slender finger of the merriest and noisiest and smallest of the four, and the fact that she had nothing to say to the senior of the four attendant officers except in the brief, indifferent tones of assured proprietorship, and very much to say to the other three, told a different story.

The general's manner lost none of its kindness, even though a close observer would have seen that his face lost a little of its light as he recognized the evident leader of the revels and mistress of the situation the wife of his senior ad-de-camp. An hour before he thought her a thousand miles away, and so did her husband.

"Bless your dear old heart!" exclaimed the little lady, springing to her feet, facing him with indomitable smiles and thrusting forward two slender, white, bejeweled hands. "Now, don't say you disapprove! Don't scold! Don't do anything but sit right down here and have a cup of your own delicious tea—(Frank, some boiling water)—that no one makes for you as I do—you've owned it many a time. And then we're all going to the Palace for dinner and then to the theater, and I'll tell you all about it between the acts. Oh, you poor dear! I ought to have come before—you've been working yourself to death!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Diseases of Wild Beasts.

"What diseases are wild beasts in captivity subject to?" was the question the writer recently put to a leading animal importer. "Well," was the reply, "monkeys for the most part die of consumption and pneumonia. Antelopes, moose, deer and other browsing beasts die because proper food cannot be found for them. In my opinion, the tannin in the bark and twigs which these animals feed most largely upon is what their system needs in order to keep them in a healthy condition. Of course, very little of this is found in the hay and other foods which are fed to these animals in captivity. In regard to the wild animals of this country there seems to be some peculiar quality of the alfalfa and other grasses of the prairie which is absolutely necessary for their sustenance and well being. I think that the climate change has very little influence upon them. I have shipped lots of mule deer, black tailed deer, antelope and Rocky Mountain deer to Europe and the Continent, but they did not live one year. You see that moose, for instance, live largely upon lichen and bark. Of course, these foods cannot be secured so far from the forests, and hay proves to be a very poor substitute. I have no doubt but that if these poor animals could be supplied with their natural food they would live as long as lions and tigers."

"All the African, Indian and Australian animals come to this country through a general depot in Germany. If any weakly specimens arrive in that country they are kept there until they recover. While in transit across the ocean it is a very common thing for non-carnivores to go without food for ten days, and they are often sea sick. This is particularly true of lions, antelopes and camels. There is a good deal of ignorance about the medical treatment of wild animals. Those which feed upon grass are treated in sickness much the same as a horse. In the case of lions, tigers and leopards of the cat family generally the same medicines which are given to a dog under similar circumstances are used."

"One of the most difficult species to keep alive is the South American tapir. They are brought chiefly from the Amazon river and belong to the pig family. Like the monkeys, they all die of consumption. Sunbaks, as a rule, die of cancer. I have often taken from the mouth of a python pieces of decayed tissue as large as a walnut. This disease is produced by the habit of the snakes striking their fangs into wood or any hard substance with which they come in contact. The fangs are usually broken off in these attacks and cancer supervenes. As soon as I detect the cancerous growth in the mouth of a snake I know that the reptile is doomed. I remember a curious instance of this kind in connection with a magnificent royal Bengal tiger, which went mad from convulsions brought on by eating too much, and in a frenzy the tiger ate off her own tail close up to the body, and devoured every inch of it, including the hair."

"About three years ago I lost three rare Koodoo antelopes in a very curious manner. They were confined in a stable which was infested with rats. Late one night I heard a great hubbub in the stable. Opening the door I found the antelopes springing all over the stable, striking their horns against the flooring overhead and acting as if they were frightened out of their wits. I noticed that they looked at a particular spot in the corner, and when I saw at what come out the effect was magical upon the antelope. I tried in vain to quiet them, and the next morning they were found dead in the stable. They had died from fright."—Washington Star.

Writers at their Best.

Swift was 59 when his brain gave birth to "Gulliver's Travels."

Thomas Hood's "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" were written when he was 56.

Bacon's greatest work took 59 years to mature and Grote's "History of Greece" some years longer.

George Eliot was near her fiftieth year when she wrote "Middlemarch," and this was succeeded by "Daniel Deronda."

Longfellow wrote "Hiawatha" at 48, and Oliver Wendell Holmes gave us "Songs in Many Keys" when he passed his fifty-fifth birthday.

Cowper turned the half century when he wrote "The Task" and "John Gilpin," and DeFoe was within two years of 60 when he published "Robinson Crusoe."

Milton's mind rose to its highest capacity when the blind poet was between 51 and 59. It was at this period of his existence when he uttered the world's greatest loss.

Sir Walter Scott was 44 when his "Waverley" made its appearance, and nearly all those stories which have conferred lasting fame upon him were composed under the age of 40.

Roman Remains in Chester.

An interesting addition has been made to the Roman remains which have long given fame to the ancient city of Chester. The latest discovery is a piece of lead piping supposed to have been laid about the year A. D. 79, when Agricola governed the Province of Britain, and used for conveying water to the Roman camp. Last October some similar lead piping was unearthed at this spot, but special interest attaches to that now brought to light, as it bears the words, "Cineus Julius Agricola," which completes my inscription of which fragments were before known. An expert has stated that this is the only inscription extant bearing Agricola's name.—London Telegraph.

A provident plumber, on leaving his home for a holiday with his family, placed a plumb line just inside the hall door in the following language: To burglars or those intending to burglar. All my plated jewelry and other valuable are in the safe deposit company's vaults. The trunks, cupboards, etc., contain nothing but second hand clothing and similar matter too bulky to remove, on which you would realize comparatively little. The keys are in the left hand top drawer of the sideboard—if you doubt my word. You will also find there a check to bearer for five dollars, which will remunerate you for the loss of time and disappointment. Please wipe your feet on the mat, and don't spill any candle grease on the carpets.—Collier's Weekly.

She—"Did the Parisians understand your French?"

He—"Every word; except when I start to remonstrate about an exorbitant charge."—Puck.

Theodore Roosevelt,

STATESMAN, HISTORIAN, ECONOMIST, AUTHOR AND SOLDIER, GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK, AND CANDIDATE FOR VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

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The NEWPORT MERCURY, in order that its readers may obtain a fine library edition of Governor Roosevelt's writings, at a nominal price, has arranged with his publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, to obtain from them a limited edition to be sold for

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2 Quart Sauce Pans	30c.
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2 Quart Preserving Kettles	25c.
2 Quart Preserving Pans	30c.
2 Quart Pudding Pans	15c.
2 Quart Pudding Pans	25c.
2 Quart Pudding Pans	25c.
2 Quart Pudding Pans	25c.
2 Quart Coffee Pots	10c.
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The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, October 13, 1900.

"IF THERE IS ANY ONE WHO BELIEVES THE GOLD STANDARD IS A GOOD THING, OR THAT IT MUST BE MAINTAINED, I WARN HIM NOT TO CAST HIS VOTE FOR ME BECAUSE I PROMISE HIM IT WILL NOT BE MAINTAINED IN THIS COUNTRY LONGER THAN I AM ABLE TO GET RID OF IT."—JON. WILLIAM JENKINS BRYAN, KNOXVILLE, TENN., SEPTEMBER 16, 1896.

It is safe to predict that free silver will never again find place in a Democratic platform, but it will take the party a long time to overcome the stigma of having adopted such a financial heresy.

One of the amusing things of the present campaign is the statement made by Mr. Bryan, in his Fort Wayne speech, that his military experience has taught him that the life of a soldier was a dangerous one.

Republican management of national affairs is no experiment. Bryan's management of questions, both internal and international, is confessedly an experiment, and viewed with alarm by careful men whose judgment is in no way influenced by political considerations.

Senator Tillman says the Pennsylvania coal miners are "a lot of ignorant, poor farmers," and adds that he would rather be a "Southern nigger" than one of them. The Senator has given the Pennsylvania miners a rather vivid insight of the Democratic opinion of them.

Sam Jones, the noted revivalist and the great prohibition orator, speaks well for the McKinley Administration when he says: I say from a knowledge of this country which constant travel can only give a man that we are today enjoying the most solid, substantial prosperity that I have ever known. There is not a nook nor a corner of this country that is not prospering.

For three consecutive times Mr. Cleveland was the nominee of the Democratic party for the Presidency; yet the Bryanites declare that he was not a Democrat. Mr. Bryan is the nominee of the Populists and free-silver Republicans; yet, according to his friends, he must be accepted as a sinon-pure Democrat. This is the same sort of logic Mr. Bryan utilizes in his speeches.

Will Colonel Bryan please say whether he thinks it right to disfranchise the colored American citizens of North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana and Mississippi in the interest of the Democratic party? A plain, straightforward statement from the colonel would let in a flood of light upon his pretensions with respect to the application of the Declaration of Independence to the Malays of Luzon.

Gen. John C. Black, the Commissioner of Pensions under Cleveland, has come out for McKinley. There are but few of Cleveland's appointees but what have announced themselves as opposed to Bryan. Cleveland himself has not been heard from, but it is safe to assume that when he gets his little voting booth he does not put any cross opposite the Bryan electors. Almost the only member of Cleveland's cabinet who is out for Bryan is Olney and as he has not voted for the last five years he will not do much harm.

The following cities and towns in Rhode Island have formally adopted and will use the McFannaway voting machines at the coming Presidential election in November, viz.: Woonsocket, Cumberland, Smithfield, Portsmouth, Warren, Jamestown and Tiverton, making thirty-six machines in all called for. Other towns have filed notices that they will adopt the machines at their next meeting. It will thus be seen that more than half the machines to be paid for by the State have already been engaged. If Newport wishes to get her share she will have to hurry up. When the sixty machines that the state is to pay for are all taken then the towns will have to pay for their own voting machines.

The Republicans, as was expected, have renominated the faithful and efficient delegation in Congress, Messrs. Bull and Capron, for another term. So well have they performed their duties, and so effectually have they worked for the interests of their constituents that no one presumed to run against them in the convention. They were both renominated unanimously and by acclamation, and their election on Nov. 6 will be nearly as unanimous. The Democratic party, outside of its candidates, does not seriously contemplate a victory this year. They realize that with Bryan for a leader the best they can do is to keep the party organization intact and wait for more propitious times. Many of that party will, without doubt, vote the straight Republican ticket this year, though for obvious reasons they are not talking about it much before hand.

The nomination of Mr. George H. Norman from this city, for one of the Presidential electors was a very graceful and appropriate tribute to a sterling Republican, and one whom we hope to see take an active part in things political in the future. His honored father who was always a warm admirer of President McKinley, headed the list of Presidential electors four years ago and also in 1868, when Grant was elected the first time.

The Result Sure.

The following is the conclusion reached by a prominent New York man who has unlimited opportunity of getting at the true inwardness of the presidential situation. He says: "For a time it looked as though the Bryan managers meant to make a fight in New York. They had preliminary figures which showed some ground for encouragement. It became evident, however, that while there was opposition to McKinley's Philippine policy, it was not strong enough to counteract the fear of Mr. Bryan's silver policy. New York was then practically yielded to McKinley. Attention was then turned to the States of the Central West, particularly Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. Bryan's chances in Ohio were carefully canvassed. He derived some benefit from the position of Mr. Jones, but the closer the case was studied the clearer it became that a majority of voters would favor McKinley.

Chicago was found to be a stronghold of Bryan, and it will give him quite a lift toward securing him the vote of Illinois, but present indications are that it will not be sufficient. Indiana was admitted to be evenly divided. Each party is making a vigorous effort to carry that State. It is possible that Bryan may succeed, but his chances have declined somewhat. In the last ten days, Bryan men in Indiana are not as confident as they were. They say that the Republicans are buying the State. If by that is meant that the Republicans are doing their best to show voters of the State what Bryan's election would mean to them, the charge is admitted, but not otherwise.

"As a whole, the development of the campaign has been this: The Bryan managers raised the standard of imperialism and found that it did not draw. They tried Anti-Trusts and found the interest feeble. They have tried local issues with varying degrees of success. The people, and especially the people who have something to lose, go back every time to the possible danger of free silver. If Bryan could have repudiated free silver he would have had a good chance, but he could not repudiate silver and be Bryan. Unless some distinctly new issue arises, the election of McKinley is reasonably sure."

The members from Newport to the Republican convention sat quietly by and allowed the following resolution to pass as a part of the Republican platform without raising a voice against the great injustice that is proposed to be done to Newport:

Second, the proposed amendment to the Constitution, abolishing the May session, determining succession and tenure in office, limiting the length of sessions of the Legislature and the pay of members, and making other provisions rendered necessary by the abolishing of the May session, should receive the hearty support of all the electors. It is necessary to pass this amendment in order that the State may have the full advantage of its new State House, and may avoid the expense of the obsolete and unnecessary May session at Newport.

The voters will hardly accept such statements as the law by which they are to be governed in this city. The constitution is all right as it is, and every vote cast for this proposed amendment is only so much aid to further and more radical changes which the so-called leaders propose to thrust upon the people later. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Bryan has proved his dishonesty in politics by claiming that the Republicans have disfranchised the colored people in the District of Columbia, when all the world knows that neither white nor black has a vote there. But all people living in Washington retain their voting place in the State where they resided previous to moving to Washington. The fact is, Congress recognized Washington and the District of Columbia as a federal city that should be governed entirely by the President and Congress, and not according to the whims or caprices of the people who reside there, either permanently or temporarily. Bryan knew this as well as anybody else, but he simply desired to make a point, even if he had to use a partial falsehood to do it.

The census bureau has tabulated the returns of the population of New Hampshire, which State now has 411,588 inhabitants, an increase of 35,088 from 1890, equal to 9.4 per cent. The largest city in New Hampshire is Manchester, which has a population of 58,987, an increase of 29.1 per cent. in ten years. The other cities are Nashua, 28,889; Concord, the capital, 19,632; Dover, 13,207; Portsmouth, 10,637; Keene, 9,165; Berlin, 8,886; Rochester, 8,163; Laconia, 8,012; Somersworth, 7,023; Franklin, 5,846. The entire gain in population is in the cities. A majority of the towns have lost in population in the ten years.

An exchange says Mr. Croker has decided to set apart one of the New York Congressional districts for the personal use of the Hon. O. H. P. Belmont, the millionaire banker. Thus do the interests of the toiling masses continue to receive attention. The Belmont money is very useful just now. Even the sound money wing of the Belmont family, represented by Perry, can be tolerated with money.

Messrs. Bull and Capron will go back to Washington with a big opportunity for small delegation. They represent constituents who have as bad postal facilities as obscure communities where the commercial interests are few and unimportant. Providence is the worst sufferer, but other towns have inadequate postal forces. The Newport Post Office would disgrace a Maine village.—Prov. Journal.

Alas, too true.

Winter Tourist Rates South.

Winter tourist rates for season 1901, to all tourist points in South and South-West U.S. Southern Railway, going into effect October 15th, 1900. Full particulars may be obtained by addressing any agent of that company. This is the route of the New York and Florida Limited and offers an all through train dining-car service the year round. Address Alex. S. Threlfall, Eastern Passenger Agent, 1155 Broadway, New York.

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has such a record for absolutely curing female ills and kidney troubles as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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Washington Matters.

Republican Apathy is a Dream of the Past—A New Political Speaker.—Political Situation in Indiana—Notes from the Capital.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8, 1900.

Republican apathy is now a dream of the past. The campaign is in full swing all over the country, and from almost every state comes the sternatory republican activity and determination to win by a larger majority in the electoral college than in 1896, and, to elect a majority of the House. With

the coming of republican activity the doubt about Congress—there has never been any doubt about the election of McKinley and Roosevelt—disappeared like frost in the morning sunshine. As in 1896, the business element of the country is with the republicans, and no candidate solidly supported by that element has ever been defeated. It was because this element refused to recognize the danger that there was a doubt about Congress, but it is now thoroughly aroused and working harder every day, and assured victory is in the air. The republican majority in the present House is 18 and several republicans from the South are certain to be succeeded by democrats, owing to peculiar conditions and laws, but for every seat lost in the South, the republicans will gain two elsewhere, and their majority in the next House will be larger than in the present House.

Mr. John W. Langley, of Kentucky, appointment clerk of the Census Bureau, is in demand as a speaker at political meetings in Washington and in nearby places. In one of his recent speeches, Mr. Langley said: "Kentucky was the first state to win a victory squarely on the sound money issue. With the aid of democrats, men loyal and true, but men who put principle above party, Kentucky was swung into line for President McKinley. It was this issue that carried the state in 1896, and it is this issue, still paramount in spite of the bugaboos and straw men, the followers of Bryan are shouting to the front, that will carry the state for McKinley again this time. There is a biblical injunction against false prophets: 'A few extracts from Bryan's speeches during the last campaign will conclusively prove him a false prophet. This fact will lose him votes in Kentucky, and the electoral vote of the state will be held by a safe majority for McKinley and prosperity.'

One of his party friends in the council was not satisfied with such an apology: "I wish to make a statement here," he said, "I do not want a paper like that from the mayor. I think he should resign or be impeached. We have had the worst administration Atlanta ever had. It has been worse than the régime of Boss Tweed in New York. The mayor should resign unconditionally or be impeached, I say."

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VESSEL CAPSIZED.

Three of Her Crew Lashed to Rigging For Twelve Hours.

Other News of Interest From Various Parts of New England States.

Boston, Oct. 12.—Three men of the four comprising the crew of the St. John schooner Wawbeck were brought into port yesterday by the steamer Prince Arthur. The fourth man, the son of Captain Edgett, had perished.

Captain Edgett stated that the Wawbeck, a two-masted schooner, of 109 tons register, brought a cargo of lumber from St. George, N. B., to Quincy, and was returning to Hilloboro in ballast when he encountered the recent severe weather.

On Tuesday, when the vessel was about off Portland, she encountered a severe northeasterly gale with a very heavy sea. At the outset the vessel began to leak, and the captain, in order to save the craft and the lives of those on board, changed his course and started to return to Salem to await the passing of the storm.

He had proceeded but a short distance on his return when the leak, which apparently had started in the stern, increased, and, to add to the consternation of the men, a new leak was discovered in the bow, and despite the efforts of the men at the pumps, the leak gradually gained until the vessel was almost full. At 7 o'clock Wednesday night the vessel was struck by a heavy sea, which caused her to capsize. She went over on her port side until her masts lay flat in the water. The captain and two men, John Moore, mate, and John O'Flaherty, seaman, were on her deck at the time, and they immediately grasped the main rigging to which they lashed themselves for safety.

For 12 hours they were thus exposed, when the Prince Arthur happened along and rescued them from their awful position.

Will Be a Scramble For Office.

Boston, Oct. 12.—The announcement is made, to L. A. W. members in the Massachusetts division that the mistake of last year over nominations for division officers has been repeated; that the nominations made were not early enough and now everybody who wants office will run independently. Last year, the mistake ended by the old board of officers holding over. In view of the mixup this time, there is likely to be a big field of independents whose nomination papers must be ready by the 15th.

Throws Blame Upon Nephew.

Quincy, Mass., Oct. 12.—James H. King, the old man who was arrested on a charge of committing many burglaries in Braintree and Weymouth, was arraigned in court on four charges of breaking and entering. King admitted the thefts, but blamed all the robberies on Byron D. McPherson, an 11-year-old boy, who is said to be his nephew. King was held for the grand jury in \$200 on each charge. In default of bail, he was committed to the Dedham jail.

Schooner Turned Somersault.

Wachusett, Mass., Oct. 12.—The schooner Josie, which went ashore Oct. 9, was floated and towed from the rocks yesterday. When about two miles from the place where the vessel struck, she filled and rolled over. The tugs were compelled to leave her in the thoroughfare where, it is believed, the schooner's masts are fastened in the mud, thus preventing the tugs from moving her.

From Brought to Freshet.

Calais, Me., Oct. 12.—The downfall of rain has wrought great changes to the water courses hereabouts. On Friday the St. Croix river was so low that many mills were unable to run. The river is now 18 inches in freshet, and washouts and landslides are reported from points above here on both banks. Trains have been cancelled in this section, as damage to the roadbed is feared.

The Lynn Shooting Accident.

Lynn, Mass., Oct. 12.—The police have taken into custody Hugh Driscoll, the boy who shot Stephen M. Neggison, and will keep him in charge until it is known whether Neggison will recover. The latter says the shooting was accidental and this is what Driscoll claims. The police think it is an instance of criminal carelessness. The bullet penetrated Neggison's brain.

Loy on cl Honor Finances.

Boston, Oct. 12.—The October statement of the condition of the American Legion of Honor, which order has been in trouble for some time through a depleted membership, has been filed with the insurance commissioner. In brief, the total assets are \$565,446. The liabilities are \$285,000, representing death claims.

Fire Marshal Investigating.

Waltham, Mass., Oct. 12.—State Fire Marshal Whitcomb has begun an investigation of the recent fire which destroyed the South Side fire station in this city. Members of the department who were in the house at the time of the fire have been summoned to appear before him.

High-Priced Game.

Bangor, Me., Oct. 12.—William H. Bell of Lynn, Mass., was arrested here last night for attempting to illegally take game out of the state. In Bell's valise was found 12 partridges and some venison. The penalty is \$5 a bird and \$10 for the deer and the costs.

Shot Sweetheart and Killed Himself.

Bangor, Me., Oct. 12.—Joseph Wilson of South Brewer shot Annie Woods, aged 16, and then committed suicide. The tragedy was the result of unrequited love. Miss Woods is seriously wounded, but will recover. Wilson died instantly.

Female Thief Sentenced.

Boston, Oct. 12.—Harriet Callis, the colored domestic who stole a number of articles from her mistress, and set fire to a wardrobe to hide the loss of a number of dresses, was sentenced to four years in the women's prison.

Fiancee Saw Him Disposed Of.

Boston, Oct. 12.—Edward J. White was sentenced to five years in the state prison for breaking and entering. As the sentence was given, White told Judge Stevens that it was to have been his wedding day. His fiancee was in court and after day, she was sentenced to the courtroom without paying him the compliment of a visit. It was his first offense.

OVER FIVE INCHES OF RAIN.

The Record for Twenty-Four Hours at Eastport—Numerous Washouts Reported.

Eastport, Me., Oct. 12.—The rainfall during the 24 hours ending at noon yesterday was 5.25 inches, the greatest recorded by the weather bureau here since July, 1882, when 5.25 inches fell. During one heavy squall a quarter of an inch of rain fell in five minutes. The total fall since the storm began is seven inches. The gale was accompanied by a high northeast wind, and so damage was done in many ways. Train wrecks delayed and washouts are quite numerous.

Three Perish in Fire.

Boston, Oct. 12.—Three persons, a father and two sons, were burned to death in a shanty on Brainerd, struck early this morning. The victims are: Edward Touzalin, 45; Edward Touzalin, Jr., 7; James Touzalin, 14. The fire was discovered by the policeman on the beat, who sounded an alarm at 2:30. It could not be ascertained with certainty how the fire started, but it is supposed to have caught from an overheated stovepipe in another connecting room, used as a kitchen. Touzalin had lived in the place 10 years, enhancing his primitive abode from time to time by the addition of boards which he picked up from nearby places. He carried on the business of wood peddling.

Wisconsin Beats the Oregon.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Oct. 12.—The battleship Wisconsin made a successful trial trip yesterday. On the western run, over a 32-knot course, an average speed of 17.59 knots was made. The average for four hours was 17.25, with a strong tide allowance in favor of the ship. In a gale a speed of 18.5 was attained. After the speed trial, the ship was turned over to Admiral Kautz and staff for maneuvering tests. The Wisconsin is 1020 tons heavier than the Oregon. Nevertheless she has beaten the record of the Oregon at every point.

Shu Qu et Over Pool Game.

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Planned Ruin of Young Girls.

Boston, Oct. 12.—In the superior court yesterday, Carrie Darling, a girl who came here from Bangor, Me., to get some young girls for unlawful purposes, and Leander F. Bush, a young man who wrote her to come, were brought in for sentence. The Darling woman was sentenced to the woman's prison for a year, and the man to the house of correction for 18 months.

Will Be Convicted of Manslaughter.

Dover, N. H., Oct. 12.—After nearly 10 hours' deliberation the jury in the case of the state against John Williams, Frank Gold and John Brown returned a verdict last night against Williams for manslaughter in the first degree, while his two companions were acquitted, on the charge of killing John McNally and Thomas Dohibin in this city on the night of July 4 last.

Condition of National Banks.

Washington, Oct. 12.—The comptroller of the currency has completed an abstract of the reports of the condition of all the national banks in the United States at the close of business Sept. 5, 1900. The summary shows that the aggregate loans and discounts of the banks were \$2,686,769,610, and the aggregate individual deposits \$2,507,248,557.

Grand Jury Will Investigate.

Marlboro, Mass., Oct. 12.—Fred E. Roberts, Charles Hammond and George T. Critcherson, charged with complicity over a game of pool, as a result of which O'Brien struck McCormick a blow with his fist. The force of the blow, according to the police, knocked McCormick over. The latter's head struck the floor, resulting in a fracture of his skull, McCormick dying in a short time. O'Brien was held without bail for a hearing on the charge of murder.

Bicycle Accident Results Fatal.

Springfield, Mass., Oct. 12.—Magloire Bouquet, aged 55, died in West Springfield yesterday from the effects of a bicycle accident Thursday evening. When crossing the street Bouquet was run into by Harry Morton, aged 16, and never regained consciousness. Morton may be held on the charge of manslaughter.

A Critical State of Affairs.

Berlin, Oct. 12.—According to a dispatch received by the German Navy league, the situation in South China is exceedingly critical. The dispatch says that Chang-Wei-Hong, who advised the downer empress to enroll the Boxers in the army, has been appointed governor of the new Chinese capital, Sian-Fu. It is further asserted that many Chinese have been decapitated at Chin-Kiang, province of Kiang-Su. Finally it is asserted that General Yuan-Shi-Kai has increased his army to 40,000 men.

Belkaap Bank's Fifth Dividend.

Laconia, N. H., Oct. 12.—The Belknap Savings Bank, which went into liquidation in May, 1898, has begun to pay a dividend of 10 percent to its depositors. This is the fifth dividend declared, four of 10 percent and one of 20 percent, and dividends to the depositors \$60,000.

Alleged Attempt at Murder.

Lewiston, Me., Oct. 12.—Cornelius Murray, it is alleged, attempted to kill his wife with a revolver last evening. Mrs. Murray took the revolver away from him and then tried to choke her, without success. He then escaped. The police are looking for him.

Admiral Sampson Looks Feeble.

Washington, Oct. 12.—Admiral Sampson is here, and his feeble appearance causes some concern to his friends. His health has been failing for more than a year, and, while not appreciably worse, the last month or so shows no signs of improvement.

Won't Raise Price of Milk.

Pawtucket, R. I., Oct. 12.—The attempt of the large milk dealers to advance the price of milk in the Blackstone valley to 3 cents a quart has not succeeded, owing to the determined fight of the small dealers, who were threatened with loss of custom.

Pugilist Succumbs to Jejoris.

Philadelphia, Oct. 12.—Steve Flanagan, the ex-champion bantamweight in pugilism, died Saturday night, never having regained consciousness since his collapse in the fight with Jimmy Devine Friday night. Devine is held without bail.

Population of New Hampshire.

Washington, Oct. 12.—As officially announced by the census bureau, the population of New Hampshire is 411,855. In 1890 the population was 376,540, the increase being 35,053, or 9.3 percent.

Killed by Imbibing Bay Rum.

Boston, Oct. 12.—A quantity of bay rum, taken by mistake for liquor, caused the death of Miss Emma Ford. Miss Ford, it is said, was strongly addicted to the use of intoxicants, and when she instituted a search for liquor a bottle of bay rum was all she found in the house. She imbibed freely of this and died within an hour.

Honest Americans Needed.

To Fill Judicial Positions in the Philippines
100 Occupied by Natives.

Hong Kong, Oct. 12.—Manila advises say that the administration of Manila's civil courts by Filipino magistrates, which long has been scandalous, is now attracting public attention more than ever, and has been brought to the Taft commission's attention, with requests for reorganization.

The courts are composed of four justices of the peace and four plenary courts. The magistrates are all Filipinos. The dissatisfaction with and complaints against the existing courts are growing. Natives and foreigners dread litigation, knowing the facts in the case. Charges have been filed and evidence is in the hands of the authorities, which, it is claimed, will show that the magistrates have been guilty of the grossest corruption and malfeasance in office. One magistrate was recently suspended on suspicion of embezzlement of power and attempt to defraud. The monthly collection of fines of the four native judges is estimated at \$7000. The amount collected by the plenary courts for the same period is much greater. The eight magistrates persistently ignore the regulations established by the authorities for the supervision of commitments and the accountability of magistrates. They deposit less than \$100 monthly, and are alleged to appropriate the balance of their collections.

It is further claimed that the magistrates are in collusion with the native police on committing offenses on the basis of "cash for freedom." It is said there are over 50 established instances where prisoners have bought their freedom from the guards conveying them between the court room and the jail.

Serious charges of favoritism have been made against the civil branch of Manila's supreme court.

The members of the Taft commission are disgusted with the condition of the country, and intend to substitute honest Americans from the United States for the present native magistrates. Americans having a knowledge of Spanish are preferred, but they are the hardest to secure. The commission will then institute the drastic reforms needed in the case of the entire judiciary.

Nagle Held for Manslaughter.

Boston, Oct. 12.—After a preliminary hearing in the municipal court, William H. Nagle was held for the grand jury on the charge of manslaughter in causing the death of John J. Hayes, a former senator and a well-known communism merchant.

It was shown that Nagle and Hayes had quarreled frequently, and it was admitted that Nagle struck Hayes, knocking him down. An effort, however, was made to show that the blow was given in self-defense.

Darren's Work of Safe Blowers.

Portland, Me., Oct. 12.—A safe blowing job was done on the water front at about 7 o'clock last evening at the office of the lobster shop of S. A. Skillings. The explosion aroused the neighborhood, and those first on the scene saw three men pulling over the contents of the safe.

The desperadoes threatened to shoot if an attempt was made to interrupt them, and the fellows were permitted to escape un molested. There was no money in the safe.

The same observation which has been made in reference to No. 4 applies to this proposition.

The president is unable to commit the United States to a permanent participation in such occupation, but he thinks it desirable that the powers shall obtain from the Chinese government the assurance of their right to guard their legations in Pekin and to have the means of unrestricted access to them whenever required.

The president believes that the government of France and the other powers will see in the reserves we have here made no obstacle to the initiation of negotiations on the lines suggested, and he hopes it will be found practicable to begin such negotiations at an early date.

Our New Fall Stock Is now ready.

REPLY TO FRANCE.

Main Points of Her Note Regarding China Agreed To.

President Reserves Expression of Opinion on Military Matters.

Washington, Oct. 12.—Following is the text of the reply of the state department to the French note relative to the bases of Chinese negotiations:

The government of the United States agrees with that of France in recognizing as the object to be obtained from the government of China appropriate reparation for the past, and substantial guarantees for the future.

The president is glad to perceive in the bases of negotiations put forward in the memorandum of Oct. 4 the spirit that has animated the declarations heretofore made by all the powers interested, and would be pleased to see the negotiations begin immediately upon the usual verification of credentials.

It may be convenient to enumerate the classes of the memorandum, and to add some observations dictated by the attitude of the United States in the present circumstances.

1.—The punishment of the guilty parties who may be designated by the representatives of the powers at Pekin.

The Chinese government has already indicated its intention to punish a number of those responsible for the recent disorders. The representatives of the powers at Pekin may suggest additions to that list when negotiations are entered upon.

2.—The continuance of the interdiction against the importation of arms.

It is not understood that this interdiction is to be permanent, and the duration of it and the details of its regulation seem a proper subject of discussion by the negotiators.

3.—Equitable indemnities for the governments, corporations and private individuals.

This is an object desired by all the powers. The Russian government has suggested that in case of protracted divergence of views, this matter might be referred to the International court of arbitration of The Hague. The president thinks this suggestion worthy the attention of the powers.

4.—The organization in Pekin of a permanent guard for the legations.

The president reserves the expressions of his opinion as to this measure pending the receipt of further information in regard to the situation in China.

5.—The military occupation of two or three points on the road from Tientsin to Pekin.

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HONEST AMERICANS NEEDED.

Selected Tale.

A Misunderstanding.

They had been keeping house just a month, and all their furnishings were in the first glory of their pristine freshness. Their friends' household gods were viewed with a sort of benevolent content from the height of their own achievements in window seats and Turkish corner. Likewise their regard for each other was as far above the every day commonplace affection which they believed to exist between the mated couples of their acquaintance as were the moon and stars in relation to this moonless sphere. They had been very busy all that month evolving from a very limited amount of money results which were only possible through the exercise of much skill and taste. Now their labors were completed and they had nothing to do but sit and gaze at each other with adoring eyes, and congratulate themselves upon their success.

"Isn't it simply ideal?" said Dora delightedly, as she sat perched upon the arm of Gilbert's chair. "There is not a discontented or inharmonious note in the whole composition."

"It's a peach," said Gilbert, who was still enough of the world-worldly to be addicted to the occasional use of slang. "I was just thinking what apparently trifling events affect the course of a life-time. I can trace this realization to the bazaar meeting at Mrs. Ainslee's. If I had not attended that—and it was only by chance that I did—I might never have met you. The possibility is too dreadful to dwell upon."

Dora laughed merrily. "I will never forget how you looked that day in that hideous black and yellow affair which made you resemble a huge humbug. It's a wonder I ever came to regard you with—well, toleration."

"I was always fond of that blazer," said Gilbert; "I've saved it to do chores in."

"You would look lovely out in the back yard sitting ashes in that fearful and wonderful garment," scoffed Dora. "The neighbors would think you had wandered from the jungles of Africa."

"When they see the masterly way in which I handle the ash after I wish I had wandered into their bazaar," said Gilbert defensively, "and perhaps I will unless you appreciate me more and abuse me less."

"Poor, hen-pecked creature!" said Dora mockingly; "you have my sympathy."

"The sympathy of some people is less desirable than their enmity," murmur- ed Gilbert instinctively.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Dora. "Methinks such bitterness of spirit betokeneth an empty stomach. I will bid you to the scullery and engage the good services of the rafting dish in—say, Bertie, which would you rather have—a Welsh rarebit or creamed oysters?"

"A rarebit would go high," said Gilbert with animation; "we'll have one later. I guess I didn't tell you, but I have to go down to work awhile to-night."

Dora's face fell. "What for?" she demanded pointedly.

"Oh, John T. asked me to, and it becomes a fellow to accede to the president's wishes with his sweetest smile, though he may be bursting with wrath internally."

"Horrid, fat, old thing," said Dora disrepectfully; "why doesn't he work a little himself? It would do him good."

"My dear, your bump of veneration is not properly developed. The president of the First National Bank cannot be horrid, neither is he fat, but merely, all distinguished looking. Bye-bye, I won't be late."

Left alone, Dora threw herself down on one of her new chairs so hard that the springs bobbed her up and down repeatedly.

"I'm m—d!" she declared aloud. "What's the use of having a husband if he's going to be away all the time? I declare, I don't believe that picture is hang straight."

She ran across the room and righted the defect. Then she tried each seat in the room, viewing her dominion from different points of view.

She soon grew tired of this, however, and began to feel lonely.

"I wish I'd gone to spend the evening with Eleanor," she thought suddenly. "Gilbert could have come for me on his way home. I haven't had a chance to have a good talk with her since the wedding. I have lots and lots to tell her!"

The idea grew more alluring as she dwelt upon it. In chatting with her bosom friend the hours would pass much more quickly than moping alone.

"I'll go anyway," she decided at last. "I can stop at the bank and tell Gilbert. It won't be much out of the way."

Half an hour later she stood doubtfully before the grim, imposing building where Gilbert was employed. She had frequently been there during banking hours, but it was evident it was not open to the public at night. She had not thought of that. While she hesitated Frank Stevens, one of Gilbert's fellow-clerks, came up. Dora happened to know him well.

"Oh, Mr. Stevens," she said, "would you do me the favor to take a message to Gilbert? He's working here tonight, but the door seems to be locked, and I'm not used to breaking in banks."

Stevens laughed. "I'm glad to know that you are not here to 'burglary' my little all is contained within these walls; but you must be mistaken, Mrs. Latimer, about Gilbert being here. They never have the offices open at night; besides I met him up at the Keota Club a few minutes ago. Shall I run up there and look him up for you?"

"Oh, no, indeed," said Dora faintly. "It's of no consequence. I'm much obliged to you."

She turned away bittishly, but all thought of Eleanor had vanished from her mind. Gilbert had deceived her. She could scarcely realize it, but kept saying it over and over. He had grown weary of her companionship, and gone back to his bachelor friends. She had often heard him speak of the club. She knew that he had been in the habit of frequenting it, but had shown no desire to visit it since their marriage. Had he frankly told her he wished to spend an evening with his old chums, she could have let him go, so she told herself, but he had deemed it necessary to concoct a story to excuse his absence. That she could not forgive. Tears of self pity sprung to her eyes as she hurried toward. Only married one short month, and the dream dispelled. All the clutching peculiarity of an hour earlier had fled before the misery of the woman.

"Deceived, deceived!" The words kept repeating themselves until her brain reeled.

To some women the grievance would have appeared a small, inconsequential

matter, perhaps the occasion of a sharp word or two, and then forgotten; but to Dora it was a tragedy.

Reaching home she threw herself, spent and weary, upon a couch, and tried to review the situation. She was quite sure she could never feel the same toward Gillette as before, and, feeling so, could go on day by day as though nothing had happened, pretending to the world that he was all he should be, when he had deliberately lied to her and deceived her? At that moment, with Gilbert's baseness so strongly before her, she did not feel that she could. There seemed nothing for her to do but to pluck up the broken threads of her life as best she could and return to her father's house. At the last thought she turned her face to the wall and wept.

It was nearly 11 o'clock when Gillett returned with the key. Everything was so quiet he decided that Dora had grown sleepy and gone to bed. He stepped softly to avoid waking her, but, as he was hanging up his coat, the sound of a broken sob arrested his attention. It came from the little parlor, and, with one bound, Gilbert was within the room. Dora lay curled up among the cushions, fast asleep, but there were tears mottled upon her cheeks.

"Poor little girl, she was lonely but what in the world has she been crying about?" He slipped an arm around her shoulders.

"Jojo, Jojo dearie, here's Bertie!" She stirred uneasily and opened her eyes. They rested on his face, first with a glad light, but in an instant that expression changed to one almost of fear. She drew herself from him and sat up stiffly.

"Did you—get your work done?" she asked, with cold dignity. "Sure thing, and I think I did a good stroke of business for myself. John T. expressed himself as very much pleased with the manner in which I got through with it, and I'll bet you a bad nickel, Dodo, that I'll be the next fellow to get promotion. I told him about you, too. He didn't even know I was married."

"Indeed," said Dora, "you told him about me. Did you tell him how good you are to me, how honest and truthful and kind?"

Gilbert stared at her.

"Heavens, Dodo! What makes you look so fierce? I guess it's the way your hands stick out. 10's all mussed up."

"At least my conscience is not mussed up," said Dora frigidly. "I never deceived you in any way. Whatever comes, I can feel that I am blameless. I shall have nothing to reproach myself with."

Gilbert stuck his hands in his pockets and gave vent to a low whistle.

"Really, Dodo, I don't like to confess myself obtuse, but I haven't an idea what you are talking about. Perhaps—with sudden inspiration—"you have had a bad dream?"

"I would if it were a dream," said Dora dramatically. "No," she went on mournfully, "it is but too true. My life has been wrecked, and I loved you so, Gilbert." Her voice died away in a weak little quiver.

Gilbert began to lose patience.

"You are acting like a spoiled baby," he said; "I'd like to take you over my knee and spank you."

She drew herself up with dignity.

"I am not a baby. I am an injured woman. Of course if you choose to lay violent hands on me, I cannot defend myself!"

Gilbert drew a chair before her and sat down.

"Now look here, Dora," he said. "I want to know what this is all about. It is not fair that you should sit there like a little fury hurling insults at me, which, not knowing to what they refer, I cannot refute. If I have offended you, please be kind enough to tell me in what way."

"Certainly," said Dora, unmoved. "You have grown tired of my society. You have longed to get back to your old friends and your club, but, instead of telling me as an honest man should, you fixed up a nice little story about being obliged to work and wishing to keep in the good graces of your superior, and then you come home with another chapter of the same story to pour into my unsuspecting ears, but, Gilbert Latimer, I happen to know that you were not at the bank tonight at all and that you spent your evening, or at least part of it, at the Keota Club."

She buried her accusations at him defiantly, as though challenging him to combat them if he could. Then she broke down and buried her face in a pillow.

"And is this all?" asked Gilbert.

"It is sufficient," said Dora, in a muffled voice.

Gilbert was silent for a moment. "I have always believed that love and trust go together," he said, at last. "Married life is not always May, and it requires faith and trust, as well as love to weather the storms which must come to all. I do not want a love that is suspicious and untrustful; therefore, until you feel that, no matter what appears are, you can trust me utterly, I will neither deny nor explain your charges."

He rose from his seat, and Dora peering out with the corner of her eye, saw him preparing to resume his list and coat. She had not bargained for this. Bad as it was to have a quarrel with him, she would rather have gone on quarrelling indefinitely than to have him leave her; besides, he looked so tall and handsome as well as guiltless as he stood there, that she began to relent.

"If there is any explanation you can make," she began in a conciliatory tone, but Gilbert interrupted her.

"You have heard what I said," he remarked coldly.

"I suppose you are going to leave me all alone again. Well, it's about what I might expect," she said, with a despairing grasp after her fast fleeing dignity. "I don't look for any consideration."

"I will bring Eleanor up to stay with you," he said.

"I hate Eleanor," said Dora vindictively.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it is the best I can do for you."

"You might stay yourself," she suggested with hidden face.

"Hardly, under the circumstances," good-bye, Dodo."

With the closing of the door, the last shred of Dora's dignity vanished utterly. She rushed out and opened it with determined haste.

"G—d—d!"

The pitiful little wail reached him before he was off the step. One long stride brought him back.

"What is it, Dodo?"

"Don't go away, Gilbert. I do believe in you. I believe in spite of everything. There is a mistake somewhere. I trust you, Gilbert."

Gilbert laughed softly as he took the trembling little form in his arms.

"Poor little girl. It was a shame to leave you so; but, Dodo, there must be no misgivings or suspicions between you and me. Now, I am going to tell you about to-night."

Dora put her fingers in her ears.

"No," he said, "I don't want you to tell me that I trusted you, Gilbert."

"But, I insist," said Gilbert, pulling down his hands. "I want you to know, I was not at the bank tonight because the work which Mr. Acton wanted me to do in his private office at his residence and I was at the Keota Club because Phil Acton had carried away the keys of his father's secretary, and I followed him there to get them. That is the whole story, Dodo."

"Oh, Bertie," she sobbed, hiding her face, "what must you think of me?"

"I think," said Gilbert, laughing with dry enjoyment, "that you are an adored woman, but whatever comes, you are blameless. You, at least, will have nothing to reproach yourself with."

"Gilbert Latimer!" said Dora wrathfully. "I think I'd like to take you over my knee and spank you."

Then they laughed in pure enjoyment and went out in the driving rain together to make a Welsh mael.

America's Great Opportunity.

In this practical world there is nothing quite so great as a great opportunity.

During the past twelve months much has occurred in England. More than 200,000 troops, the flower of British manhood, have been chasing Boers in South Africa, and have been causing the Government to spend millions of dollars a day, and to lay the hand of taxation heavily upon the people. With the absence of part of England's working force and with the presence of the financial problem, the sharp-witted American saw his chance. This has happened not only in regard to the transportation problem in London, not only in respect to the charters for tramp steamship lines in the other cities of England, Scotland and Wales, but also in respect to the building of large industries on American plans and the profitable employment of American capital.

England made millions out of our Civil War and did not lose anything in our war with Spain. Now it is the turn of the United States.

In round numbers, we are now sending from our shores \$1,000,000 worth of exports every day. Of this over \$1,000,000 per day is in manufactured goods.

Take the increase by decades. The figures given are quoted from a statement from the Treasury Department: In 1859 the exports of manufacturers averaged three and one-half millions per month; in 1870 they were a little over five millions per month; in 1880 they were less than ten millions per month; in 1890 they were twelve and one-half millions per month; in 1899 they were twenty-eight millions per month, and in the fiscal year 1900, thirty-six million dollars per month.

The big things this country leads so markedly that sometimes it hardly seems that it has any competition. In wealth it is at least twenty-five per cent, ahead of any other nation. In coal and other resources it has a paramounty—to borrow a word from our current politics—which towers beautifully. In the annual products of its manufactured industries it is nearly fifty per cent, ahead—Saturday Evening Post.

Freaks in Advertising.

The art of printing has found, within recent years, a good many developments of which the average well-informed person knows nothing. Machines, for example, have been patented for printing on matches. The matches are thrown into a hopper, whereupon a revolving wheel receives them one by one in its teeth and carries them beneath the instrument that stamps the legend upon them. Another contrivance prints upon gunwads data which informs the sportsman, when he looks into the end of each cartridge, how much powder it contains and what is the size of the shot.

The printing on stockings, which includes the trade-mark, is done by a machine made for that sole purpose. Another machine prints lettering on collars, and yet another adorns barrels with the firm names of the concerns whose products fill them. There is a special device for printing on the ends of spools of thread, and another for putting letters on buckets. One of the most curious contrivances is a machine for printing on gelatine capsules. Another device is for printing on broom-handles the name and address of the manufacturer. The lettering on collars and cuffs, which states the trade-mark and number, is done by a machine built for that particular purpose.

But the very newest contrivances in this class of inventions is a machine for printing advertisements on the asphalt pavements of streets. It is a species of bicycle, the tire of the front wheel having a series of raised letters on its periphery. These letters, as the wheel revolves, print the name of a soap, or what not, while an automatic blower at the bottom of the fork blows the dust away from the pavement in front.

—Saturday Evening Post.

Smithius," said the employer, "you may take a month off!" "Oh, sir," replied the clerk as soon as he could command his voice, "it's so good of you to suggest it! I have felt the need of a rest for some time, but have hesitated to ask for it, knowing how busy we are. But it will do me no end of good, and I thank you most heartily for your consideration." "Smithius," said the employer, "are you crazy?" "Why, sir. Didn't you say I might take a month off?" "Certainly that is what I said. This is the first of the month, while last month's calendar remains over your desk. Take last month off and keep up to date. That's what I meant."

"I will bring Eleanor up to stay with you," he said.

"I hate Eleanor," said Dora vindictively.

"I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it is the best I can do for you."

"You might stay yourself," she suggested with hidden face.

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Dora put her fingers in her ears.

Literary Comment and Gossip.

Recent Fiction.

Pine Knot.

Pine Knot, a charming story of Kentucky life, is from the same pen that gave to the world "A Hero in Heaven-span." In these two novels Dr. Burton has shown a complete familiarity with the characteristics and peculiarities of life among the Southern mountaineers. As a story, full of life and movement, exciting episodes and thrilling situations, Pine Knot leaves little to be desired. As a picture of life and customs in the back woods of Kentucky prior to the civil-war, it is of value to the student of human nature. The story opens with a delightful pen picture of Pine Knot, a peaceful hamlet situated in the deep-seclusion of rural Kentucky. To this out-of-the-way place comes a man, an educated, impetuous dreamer, almost a fanatic, who is forced to bring his family, consisting of a wife and a lovely daughter, thither to obtain the bare means of livelihood by teaching school. His struggles to retain the school and to make a living in a region whose inhabitants are mostly hostile to his openly expressed opinions, form the foundation for much of the action of the story. The subsequent attempt at developing a silver mine, the products of which are to be fondly dedicated to the purchase of slaves for the purpose of giving them their freedom evolves a tragedy. Through the book runs an unusual love story which is of no less interest. The picture of Southern life in ante-bellum days—art, the merry, social life of the cities and great plantations, but the life of the villages—is no less interesting than accurate. It is one of the best novels of the season. [New York: D. Appleton & Co.]

The Last Lady of Mulberry.

A delightful story of the Italian quarter of New York by Henry Walton Thomas has recently been published by the Appletons. Unusual in plot and depiction it possesses a peculiar interest to the "barbarian" as well as to the citizen of the metropolis. The adventures of the "last lady" are many and varied from her inception to her final fracture and the persons that surround her and are nearly responsible for her peculiar situations are sufficiently unusual to give them much more than a tinge of interest. The various characteristics of the Italian residents of New York are excellently portrayed, the ungovernable passions of the race forming the thread of the story.

The story opens near Genoa and deals with the experiences of a young Genoese emigrant who decides to try his fortune in America. The love affairs of himself and uncle, a comparatively wealthy merchant of New York's "Little Italy" are sufficiently entangled without the machinations of other relatives who "add hay to chaos." The story is interesting and exciting. The plot is well planned and is developed in such a manner that none of its interest is lost. The picture of the Italian quarter is vivid; its peculiar denizens are well portrayed, and their customs and observances are illustrated in a manner that creates a clear and permanent impression upon the mind of the reader. The book is handsomely illustrated by Emil Pollak. It is well printed and has an attractive cover. [New York, D. Appleton & Co.]

A Private Chivalry.

A stirring, thrilling story of western life by Francis Linné appears under the title, "A Private Chivalry." It is a story of life—a fast, feverish life—the life of the western mining camps, and, although the scene is quickly changed in the city of Denver, the action is no less rapid and exciting. A peculiar idea of honor or gallantry is unfolded in this tale. Brant, a fur dealer of the mining camp, after trying over this vocation, seeks to live a clean life in Denver. The difficulties attending his efforts at reform in a community where temptations are innumerable, are increased by his efforts to save a young man, the brother of a girl whom Brant admires exceedingly. It may be said, by the way, that the brother is not worth saving. A man is killed and Brant, believing this young man to be the murderer, surrenders himself to the law in his stead.

There is not a dull page in the book. The situations are not unnatural and the plots skillfully developed. A Private Chivalry appeared a few years ago in one of the magazines and the circulation of the magazine gave an immediate upward leap in consequence. [New York, D. Appleton & Co.]

Literary Notes.

What the Publishing Houses Promise for the Near Future.

An important contribution from the world of finance to the world of letters is to be made by the well-known banker and financier, Mr. James G. Cannon whose book, "Clearing Houses, their History, Methods, and Administration," is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Company. This is the first book to give, in a single volume, a history of the clearing houses of the United States and a description of their methods. A knowledge of the workings of these great organizations is of obvious importance to bankers and those practically interested in finance, and also to business men in general and to students of financial subjects. Descriptions of some of the chief foreign clearing houses are included in this succinct and valuable book, which has the double value of proceeding from a recognized authority and of being the first comprehensive treatment of the subject in a single book.

Teachers who have read the advance sheets of Larned's History of England, just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., report it to be a text-book of superior merit. One feature which seems especially to call forth an expression of their approbation is the Survey of General History. These serve to show the connection of events and movements in England with those in other countries. Thus the teacher has a connected narrative of the most important happenings in the world, which may very readily serve as an excellent ground-work for the study of general history. This is of great value to a class which prefers to devote most of its time to learning the less-sons of English and American history and is satisfied to acquire a knowledge of the principal movements in the world's history.

The clear diction is also heartily praised as well as the discriminating questions, topics, and research questions, which have been prepared by Mr. Homer P. Lewis, Principal of the English High School at Worcester, Mass.

In the Footsteps of a Tipper, Max Pemberton's new romance, which is to

Women's Dep't.

The Mother and the Man.

To his "Dutch Republic," J. Lotthrop Motley wrote: "Among the matrons of that country, Juliana of Stolberg deserves the foremost place, and it is no slight eulogy that she was worthy to have been the mother of William of Orange, of Louis, of Adolphus, and of Henry and John of Nassau." There is nothing more tender or more touching than the letters written by her to her great sons in their darkest hours, urging them to rely upon the great hand of God. It was her exemplary character and her unaffected piety, her zeal in the right, that beat the minds of her sons, particularly of the transcendental William, that made it inevitable he should remain serene through trials that would have crushed other and stouter hearts. It was her firmness that made him firm, that made him "the rock in the ocean, tranquil amid the naught billows," as friends described him.

William's father was called "William the Rich," but he was rich only in being the husband of Juliana of Stolberg, and the father of her magnificent sons. It was because of her moulding and shaping and planning and inciting that William of Orange was able to lay the foundations for the long struggle that resulted in the permanent overthrow of the Spanish Inquisition and the establishment of religious liberty in Europe, and this a sequence in this country.

Washington received his sterling qualities, not from the Washingtons, but from the Hall family. Augustus Washington, his father, was a compound man, with no ambition and no abilities beyond the plantation he cultivated. George Washington had Mary Ball's features, her rugged health, the sturdy Spartan virtues of her mind, her unpretending simplicity, her silence, and serene calmness of temper, which bespeak a perfect self-mastery. It was from his mother that Washington received his calmness in danger, his heroic endurance, his sense of duty, that never for a moment swerved from its task, that prompted him to keep watch and ward over the destinies of the great nation whose birth he witnessed.

Of Daniel Webster, whom Samuel M. Shucker styled the "Intellectual Colossus of the New World," it is written that his first and best teacher was his mother. From her he received the spark of independence and of his party. The Senator vindicates his own position concerning the Philippine policy and his party's demands.

"The Significance of the Democratic Party in American Politics" is the title of a paper by Prof. Morse, of Amherst,

and will he read and appreciated by both sides, for it is a fair statement of history and results of Democratic policies. Prof. Morse does not fear occasional victory of the Democratic party. He points out that in the great political crisis of this country the Republican party has been the most powerful and effective governing party. But to the Democratic leaders he ascribes the permanence of constitutional rights.

"The Expansion of Russia" by the great historian, Rambaud, is concluded and presents in a most expert and authoritative manner Russia's policy with China and Japan. After reading this paper one is apt to regard Russia's aspirations of influence in China more kindly than otherwise. Her policy has been consistent and successful. Other articles are "The New Italy" by Salvatore Cortesi of Rome, correspondent of the London Daily News; "Recent Progress in Geology" by Prof. Lawson of University of California; and "Primitive Objects of Worship" by L. Marillier of Paris, who in a most scholarly and pleasant style, reconstructs the history of the origin of religious faiths in early man. The interesting, valuable, and popular treatment of important subjects by the eminent writers of "The International Monthly" is rapidly gaining that journal the recognition it deserves as one of America's leading magazines. Published by the MacMillan Company, New York, London, \$8 a year. Trial subscription, three months, fifty cents.

"The American Boy."

The October American Boy, with its thirty-two beautifully illustrated pages, every one of which is of interest to the American boy, presents a feast of good things. Among the stories are the following: "Who's All Right? Train," a football story; "Utterly Inscrutable," a school story; "Sydney and the Jack Fairy," a tale of Yankee enchantment; "Meng's," a story of a factory boy; "A Hero of Fishing Creek," a story of boy heroism in war; "Three Boys in the Mountains," the first four chapters of a continued story of adventure. Harry Steele Morgan continues his interesting letter to boys from the Paris Exposition, and an American boy now in Paris describes a visit he made to the Shah of Persia. J. W. Burgess gives two short talks to boys about their school work, and other writers take the boy into their confidence and tell him how to save money, how to spend it, how to make investments, while other little items treat of "Boys Seeking Positions," "Boys in a Hurry," "Keeping the Boy Ambitious," "Practical Printing for Boys," "Amateur Photography," "Dogs, and How to Train Them," "All About Jumping," and the new game of "Tether Ball." The Stump, Coin and Curio Departments are replete with matters of interest and instruction to boys who delight in making collections. "The Boy's Library" and "Letters from Boys" are headings of two important pages. The Prize and Puzzle Department has its usual space. \$1.00 per year. Sprague Publishing Company, Detroit, Michigan.

One of the most dangerous regions in the world for a European explorer is the mysterious Sahara, yet a French woman, Madame Jean Pommerol, has spent a year among the denizens of the desert, studying their manners and customs, particularly those of the Arab woman. This plucky French woman travelled by camel—a most uncomfortable mode of locomotion—and, after entering the true desert, was, without companions of her own sex. She found that her only danger from the Arabs themselves lay in the "resoult"—the name given the bands of men who rob, nominally for vengeance, on account of some family feud, but who usually force all about their path to rob only their enemies, and plunder nearly every one they encounter. Nor have they any hesitation in killing their victims. Bands of these "resoult" often prowled around Madame Pommerol's camp at night, but found her escort too large to make an attack advisable.

"Guita, suppose," one of the spectators said, "the parachute should fail after you had detached it from the balloon—what then?" "That wouldn't stop me," answered the daring aeronaut. "I'd come right on down!"—Chicago Tribune.

On the 21st, suppose, the "pneumatic" should fail after you had detached it from the balloon—what then?" "That wouldn't stop me," answered the daring aeronaut. "I'd come right on down!"—Chicago Tribune.

Paris Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Paris, France, September 24, 1900.

The glass and crystal exhibit of the Paris fair attracts all who like glitter and sparkle. The interior of the hall looks like a perpetual exhibition of treasures, flashes radiating from all the cut edges of the glass, reproduced in a thousand reflections, and appearing in fugitive rainbows on every side.

There is strong emulation between the glass workers of every country, and the artistic genius of the various races is shown in the divers forms and the details of ornamentation of all this crystal work, in which color often appears. Especially charming are the goblets, carafes, and bottles of all sorts. Some of the objects are blown to dimensions truly colossal, and one wonders from what human lungs could have issued the breath that inflated them. As a matter of fact, the pieces are now blown mechanically, by means of compressed air. One sphere is nearly five feet in diameter; from this enormous bubble, three thousand watch glasses could be cut.

Here we see glass bread, as fine as silk, from which dresses are made. These are not for every day wear, it is true, but quantities of the glass thread are used by ladies for different purposes, notably for making cigarette holders or for hats. There are also specimens of glass cotton and woolen, which is used for purposes of insulation, or to prevent the passage of heat.

A novel employment of glass thread in Germany is the fabrication of indestructible burners for allowing the regular passage of the liquid where petroleum or alcohol is used. These burners have not yet come into general use, however.

Glass is also utilized by the manufacturers of artificial flowers. Crushed in a special manner, it takes the form of a very fine powder, resembling diamond dust. It is supposed to give the effect of dew on the flowers, thus increasing the naturalness of their appearance.

In one corner you may yet have stumbled into my mythology, and have encountered Argus himself. All around are eyes that stare at you fixedly; eyes that have a distorting air of vitality, eyes of all colors, eyes to suit all tastes, eyes more beautiful than many in nature.

You wonder involuntarily how so many false eyes can be "constructed," to use the word in the connoisseur's sense. Certainly, it is not yet the fashion to have false eyes fitted in, as one would false teeth. The man in charge courteously explained that there are many more people with only one eye than the world in general imagines. Artificial eyes are so well made that the infirmity passes almost unnoticed. But the greatest demand comes from doll makers and from invalids who stuff animals. Doll eyes, especially, must be very carefully prepared, and must not be the least crossed; the youthful purchasers of this line of goods are very particular on this point.

One of the curious things in this enormous exhibit is what specialists call "glassdough." Imagine glass, real glass, that one can knead and mold, and into which one can drive pins as into lead, without clipping or cracking it. This way of preparing glass, it seems, was known to the ancients. They modeled it like clay and made all sorts of objects that could be thrown on the ground or even at somebody's head, without breaking them. It is recounted that an artist who discovered an especially excellent formula for making glass dough had the unfortunate idea of showing samples, with an explanation of their merits, to the Emperor Tiberius. The Emperor examined them and listened with considerable interest, and immediately had the inventor's head cut off. It is a slow day which does not bring a hundred candidates for oratorical honors to either of the National Headquarters, and the average is close to two hundred a day. The written applications brought in by the mats are about equal to the number of those made personally.

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First impressions carry great weight with the men who select the orators, and they depend more upon their ability to read human nature than upon the results of any categorical examination.

"A principle enforced by the daily experiences of these judges of spellbinders is expressed in the homely adage that 'You can't tell by the looks of a toad how far he will jump.' Rough diamonds of oratorical talent are at a premium at National Headquarters, and it is recognized at the speakers' bureau that the best spellbinder timber is often clothed with a shaggy bark. Silk hats, spotless linen, white ties and faultless Prince Albert suits do little to insure the candidates of acceptance.

A distinctive feature at National Headquarters is the army of bright young college men who are impatient to try their mettle on the stump. No young college man need hesitate to make application to Mr. Hedges or to Mr. McConville, for both are emphatic in the declaration that the colleges and universities of the present day are turning out better campaign timber than ever before, and that the hampered undergraduate is assured of a courteous welcome if he chooses to seek a place in the ranks of the spellbinders."

An exposition where all the productions of the globe are collected, with the documents necessary to show the progress of civilization and the social movement in the different countries, the development of their agriculture and their industries, presents the most interesting comparisons. Oriental agriculture is represented, on the Champs Elysées, by the exhibits of Russia, Japan, Hungary, Rumania, Serbia and Bosnia Herzegovina, and, although these nations differ widely in geographical location, in climate, nature of soil, etc., they have certain characteristics in common. In all, the right of holding land belonged, until a relatively recent date, to the sovereigns and the nobility; and in all, at about the same time, there was a remarkable development in the application of modern science to agriculture.

The exhibit of Hungary is of special interest. Agriculture is the principal occupation of the inhabitants, and thirty years of peace has given them an opportunity to take rank among the foremost nations in the scientific development of agricultural industry. Less than 5 per cent. of the surface of the country is left uncultivated, and every year, this space diminishes with the extension of irrigation and draining.

Jake Mathis, of the Thirteenth Georgia, was a good soldier, but one day when the Confederates were retreating from the field of Gettysburg, Jake threw his musket on the ground, seated himself by the roadside and exclaimed with much vehemence: "If I'm dashed if I walk another step! I'll break down. I can't do it!" And Jake was the picture of despair. "Get up, man!" exclaimed his captain. "Don't you see the enemy are following us? They'll get you sure!" "Can't help it," said Jake. "I'm done for. I'll not walk another step." The Confederates passed along over the crest of the hill and lost sight of poor, dejected Jake. In a moment there was a fresh rattle of musketry and a renewed crash of shells. Suddenly Jake appeared on the top of the hill, running like a hurricane and followed by a cloud of dust. As he dashed past his captain, that officer yelled: "Hello, Jake! Thought you wasn't going to walk any more?" "Thunder!" replied Jake, as he hit the dust with renewed vigor. "You don't call this walking, do you?"—New Orleans Picayune.

"One day I was talking fish with a number of friends," said an old fisherman, and I made a bet that I could catch more perch than any other man in the party in a given time. The crowd picked out the most experienced fisherman in the lot, and we set a day to try our luck. The day before the match I got a large glass jar, filled it with water and put some minnows in it. Over the mouth of the jar I put a piece of parchment in which I had made some small holes. Then I went to a point just east of the waterworks, picked out a lively spot and sank the jar to it, first attaching a cork float to it by which I could locate it next day. We went out for the fishing match the following afternoon, and I soon found my float and anchored there. The other man located a short distance away and we began. The perch were just beginning to run, and in a little while I had pulled in one hundred and eighty perch, while my opponent got only twenty-four. Then he gave up, and I won my bet. I showed the boys the trick before we left the fishing ground. You can always in that way make a good catch of fish that will swallow minnows. The sight of the bait in this jar always attracts a crowd of fish and seems to put them in good biting humor."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Gately said: "As! our friend Sp. Peter has gone to the country where he travelled returns."

Mr. Hartart: "Yes, thank goodness. He can't come back and lecture about it."—Philadelphia Press.

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Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed. 1. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 2. Misked questions or briefs are inconsistent with the rules. 3. Writing on one side of the paper only. 4. In knowing queries always give the date of the question. 5. Letters addressed to the editor, or to the editor, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct contributions to E. M. THILLEY, care Newport Historical Library, Newport, R. I.

SAVING, Oct. 13, 1900.

GOVERNOR CALEB CARR.

Some time ago, the city of Newport turned over to the Park Commission, a portion of the Common Burial Ground, in Newport, to be cared for by the Commission, and this land was regraded, and the gravestones were reset. This plot was the beginning of the old cemetery, and many of the early settlers are buried therein. Among others are to be found the graves of Governors John and Samuel Cranston, and Richard and Samuel Ward. It was hoped that the remains of Governor Benedict Arnold, who lies buried in the Arnold ground on Pelham street, and the remains of Governor Caleb Carr, who was buried on his own land in Mill Street, (which have been for many years in a disgracefully dilapidated condition) could be removed to this plot by the Park Commissioners. After patiently waiting for this to be brought about, and having a fear that it would be left undone, Miss Annie Louise Carr, a descendant of Governor Caleb Carr, on the eighth of September, 1890, removed the remains of her ancestor to Jamestown, where they were reinterred, on the farm originally owned by him. In the grave were found intact the skull and a large number of bones, also basket handles, one of which Miss Carr will present to the Newport Historical Society. She now proposes to open a road through the farm at Jamestown, to the cemetery, which will be open to the public, and erect a monument, and enclose the burial place with a suitable fence. Miss Carr is entitled to the thanks of the community for her thoughtfulness in removing the remains of Gov. Carr to a place which will be well cared for, and to which the public will have access.

Governor Caleb Carr was a prominent man in the Colonial days of Newport. He was born 1624, probably in Scotland, and died December 11, 1695. He married first, Mercy —, born 1631, died September 21, 1657; second, Sarah Pinner, widow of John, and daughter of Jeremiah and Frances (Latham) Clarke. Frances Latham was the daughter of Lewis Latham, who was Falconer to Charles II. Caleb Carr embarked in 1635, in ship Elizabeth and Ann, at London, aged eleven years, and came to America with his elder brother Robert. He was afterward a large land owner in Newport and Jamestown, R. I., and among his possessions were the Ferry at Jamestown, which until quite recently was still owned and managed by his descendants. He held various offices in the Colony, among them, that of Commissioner to the General Assembly, 1651-58-60-61-62; General Treasurer, 1661-2; Deputy, 1664-5-7-8-9-70-1-2-3-8-9-90; Assistant, 1670-80-1-2-3-4-5-6-9-91; Justice of General Quarter Session and Inferior Court of Common Pleas, 1657-58; Governor, 1695. He was drowned that same year, and was buried, as above stated, on his land in Mill Street. His tomb-stone is still legible, and contains the following inscription:

Here lies the body of
CALEB CARR,
Governor of this Colony, who departed
this life, on the 17th day of Decem-
ber, in the 73d year of his
age, in the year 1695.

Governor Carr had by his first wife, Mercy, seven children, viz. —

1. Nicholes, born October 22, 1651, died February 7, 1709, married Rebecca, daughter of Joseph and Jane Nicholson. He resided in Jamestown.

2. Mercy, born April 6, 1656.

3. Caleb, born August 23, 1657, died October 10, 1700, married Deborah —.

He was a resident of Jamestown.

4. Samuel, born Dec. 15, 1655, died 1684. No issue.

5. Mercy, born Jan. 1, 1659, died 1717, married Thomas Paine.

6. John, born about 1663, died 1717, married wife, daughter of Peter and Anna (Coggeshall) Easton, and grand-
daughter of Governors Nicholas Easton and John Coggeshall. He resided in Newport.

7. Edward, born 1667, died Oct. 14, 1711, married Hannah, daughter of John and Mary (Hathorne) Stanton. He lived in Jamestown.

8. By his second wife, Governor Carr had

8. Francis, born —, died 1717. He married Francis, daughter of Joseph and Sarah (Mills) Arnold, and granddaughter of Governor Benedict Arnold. He resided in Newport.

9. James.

10. Sarah, born 1682, died February 8, 1705, married John Haunett of Jamestown and Newport.

11. Elizabeth, who married John Godfrey.

The descendants of the above are numerous in Newport and Jamestown, and in other parts of the country. —R. H. T.

NOTES.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE ISLAND OF RHODE ISLAND.

1647. Dyer, William, Recorder under the new Charter.

1650. Dyer, William, Attorney General.

October 2, 1652. William Dyer brings over order, abrogating Coddington's Charter, and confirming former charter of Providence Plantations.

June 1, 1650. Dyer, Maty, hanged at Boston, as a Quaker.

1653. Blingley, Reverend Richard, Pastor of First Baptist Church, Newport.

1747. Dennis, Captain John, of Newport, distinguished himself by captures of several French vessels.

1752. Decatur, Stephen, a Captain in the United States Navy, and father of the celebrated Commodore, was born in Newport, in April. His father was Stephen, said to have been a Genoese. He married Priscilla Hill, widow, maiden name George. H. Stephen, born 1752, John, 1754. He died November 15, 1808, aged 55 years.

1759. Defiance, Privateer Brig. Captain Benjamin Wanton, fitted out, September 6, 1753. Dillingham's

Blacksmith's shop on Long Wharf burned.

1767. Dolphin, The Brig, Captain John Malbone, son of Evan, from Jamaica with a theatrical company as passengers, took fire off Point Judith, and was consumed. Five female passengers were destroyed in the cabin. The ship's company and other passengers escaped. The brig was a new vessel, belonging to Messrs. E. and F. Malbone, Newport. Among the passengers were Mr. Henry, the father of the American stage, and William B. Simpson, afterward a lawyer in Newport.

November 15, 1775. Dudley, Charlie, King's Collector of Customs, took refuge on board Rose, ship of war.

1778. David, Reverend Ebenezer, Chaplain in the Army, and late successor pastor of First Baptist Church, Newport, died at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Young.

1780, May 19, Friday. Dark Day.

1781. Deuxponts. The officers of the Royal, gave a ball to the ladies of Newport, January 3.

1794. May 3. D'Eysting, Count, celebrated as commander of the French fleet at the siege of Newport, was guillotined at Paris.

1797. Dehon, Rev. Theodore, of Boston, installed as rector of Trinity Church, Newport.

(To be continued.)

DENNIS.—In the MERCURY of September 8, the initials W. J. L. were accidentally omitted from the notes on Dennis.

QUERIES.

1617. COOK.—A New Jersey neighbor hopes the antiquarian editor of the "MERCURY" will give him some information about the reason for the grant to Peter Cook of 500 acres of land near Foster, R. I., about the year 1748.—W. G. P.

1618. LETHER.—Hezekiah Luther, born probably at Taunton, Mass., in 1616; died at Swansea, Mass., July 21, 1723; married first, Elizabeth —; second, Sarah —. What were their maiden names? Which was the mother of Hezekiah, born at Swansea, August 27, 1676? I should like her name and parentage in full, with dates and places of birth, marriage and death.

What was the wife of John Luther, father of Hezekiah? John settled in Gloucester, Mass., in 1612.—B. E.

1619. TABER.—Philip Taber married Margaret —, February 29, 1675. What was her maiden name, and who were her parents? When was Philip Taber born? His daughter Comfort was born in Dartmouth, Mass., August 3, 1707. Would like the line of Margaret (—) Taber.—M. D.

1620. BRAYTON.—Preserved Brayton died at Portsmouth, R. I., March 8, 1655, died September 21, 1657; second, Sarah Pinner, widow of John, and daughter of Jeremiah and Frances (Latham) Clarke. Frances Latham was the daughter of Lewis Latham, who was Falconer to Charles II.

Brayton died in ship Elizabeth and Ann, at London, aged eleven years, and came to America with his elder brother Robert. He was afterward a large land owner in Newport and Jamestown, R. I., and among his possessions were the Ferry at Jamestown, which until quite recently was still owned and managed by his descendants. He held various offices in the Colony, among them, that of Commissioner to the General Assembly, 1651-58-60-61-62; General Treasurer, 1661-2; Deputy, 1664-5-7-8-9-70-1-2-3-8-9-90; Assistant, 1670-80-1-2-3-4-5-6-9-91; Justice of General Quarter Session and Inferior Court of Common Pleas, 1657-58; Governor, 1695. He was drowned that same year, and was buried, as above stated, on his land in Mill Street. His tomb-stone is still legible, and contains the following inscription:

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12. Staples.—Samuel Staples, of Dillingham, Mass., died at Smithfield, R. I., January 17, 1742. When was he born, and when did he marry his wife, Hannah? —? Who was she, and who were her ancestors? Would like his ancestry. Their daughter Susanna was the second wife of Philip Arnold, of Warwick, R. I., I think married February 12, 1693. When was she born, and where? When did she die?—B. E.

1622. TENNEY, CHANNING.—Reverend Caleb Jewett Tenney, and Ruth Channing, were married at the Second Congregational Church, Newport, R. I., May 15, 1808. Can any one give me the day of the month? Who were the ancestors of each? Ruth Channing was baptized at the First Congregational Church at Newport, December 20, 1803. When did she die? When and where was she born? They had three children baptized at the First Congregational Church, Newport; Samuel George Chapman Tenney, William Jewett Tenney, and Ruth Chapman Tenney. Were these all the children they had? Can any one give me the dates of birth?—R. R. S.

1623. FREEBORN, EARLIE.—Thomas Earle, of Oliver and Ruth (Hall) Earle, born March 4, 1746, died (when?) married November 21, 1769, Ruth Wanton Freeborn, born December 12, 1749. Was she the daughter of Noel Freeborn born February 11, 1727? Who was her mother? Was she Philia? —? If so, what was her maiden name, and who were her ancestors? Were Gideon and Ruth (—) Freeborn the parents of Noel? Who was Ruth? Where did the Wanton in Ruth Wanton Freeborn's name come in? Did she connect with the Rhode Island Wanton family?—E. E.

1624. SISSETON.—George Sisseton, born August 23, 1713, died (when?) married November 22, 1705, Eleanor Earle, of Thomas and Ruth Wanton (Freeborn) Earle. Who were the parents of George Sisseton? Were they George and Anna (Shearman) Sisseton? I should like very much to learn this. Were Preserved and Ann (Lawton) Shearman the parents of Anna?—E. E.

1625. WHITLOCK, PARKER.—Abraham Parker, the ancestor of many of the Parkers in America, settled in Weymouth, Mass., and was taxed there September 8, 1645. He was made freeman the same year. He married November 18, 1641, Miss Rose Whitlock, by whom he had the following children:

1. Ann, born October 20, 1645.

2. John, born October 26, 1647.

3. Abraham, born November 5, 1650, died 1651.

4. Abraham, born August, 1652.

5. Mary, born November 20, 1655.

6. Moses.

7. Isaac, born September 18, 1660.

8. Eliza, born April 10, 1663.

9. Lydia, born March 24, 1669.

Mr. Parker died August 12, 1659.

Mrs. Parker died November 18, 1651. Can any one give me the ancestry of Rose Whitlock, who married Abraham Parker? Who can tell me the names of the husbands and wives of the above children? I have the record of marriage of Abraham, July 15, 1651, to Martha Livermore. Who were her parents?

Who was the father of Abel Parker, who was at the Battle of Bunker Hill, and was severely wounded in the fight? March 14, 1776, he was made Brigadier in the Continental Army, and October 1779, Lieutenant.—A. J.

1747. DENNIS.—Captain John, of Newport, distinguished himself by captures of several French vessels.

1752. Decatur, Stephen, a Captain in the United States Navy, and father of the celebrated Commodore, was born in Newport, in April. His father was Stephen, said to have been a Genoese.

He married Priscilla Hill, widow, maiden name George. H. Stephen, born 1752, John, 1754. He died November 15, 1808, aged 55 years.

1759. DEFIAINE, PRIVATEER BRIG. Captain Benjamin Wanton, fitted out, September 6, 1753. Dillingham's

Baptist, of Pardon and Mary (Keek) Tillinghast. When were they married? —S. W.

1627. KEECH.—George Keech, of Newport and Providence, R. I., died after 1717. Who were his ancestors? Who died? His wife was Mary —. Would like her maiden name and ancestry, and dates of birth, marriage and death. Their daughter, Mary Keech, married Pardon Tillinghast, of East Greenwich, R. I.—S. W.

1628. SWIFT.—Can any one give me the maiden name and ancestry of Joan, wife of William Swift, of Becking, England, and Watertown and Sandwich, Mass. He died in January, 1812. She died in 1804. Their daughter, Esther Swift, married Ralph Allen, of Sandwich, Mass. When were the dates of her birth and death? —S. S.

1629. HAWKINS.—Who was Margaret Hawkins, wife of William of Providence, R. I.?

1630. KNIGHT.—Who was the wife of Richard Knight, of Cranston, R. I., and mother of Jeremiah Knight, also of Cranston? Richard died October 24, 1751. Jeremiah was born December 21, 1713, died June 23, 1800. Jeremiah married Penelope —. Who was she? She died October 1, 1803. Richard Knight was the grandson of Richard Knight, of Newport, R. I., and Sarah Rogers of Providence, R. I. What was the maiden name of Hammock? —N. R.

1631. ANDREWS.—Who were the ancestors of Edward Andrews, of Portsmouth, R. I., married Bridget —? What was her parentage? They had a son William Andrews, born —, married October 30, 1650, Esther Arnold, of Stephen and Sarah (Sud) Arnold.

1632. HAMMOND.—